CHEERFUL SONGS.

By Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK, JNO. R. SWENEY, and L. L. PICKETT.

L. L. PICKETT, COLUMBIA, S. C.

BARBEE & SMITH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

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—— ORDER OF ——

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PREFACE.

THERE are many books of song in the market, but the editors of this work humbly trust that it has a mission in the world. They send it out with the prayer that many souls may be helped on towards the blessed Land of Song by it.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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Glory to the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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The Fountain From the Rock.

"He smote the Rock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed."—Ps. 78: 20.

E. E. Hewitt. L. L. Pickett.

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Him that Cometh unto Me.

E. E. Hewitt. John vi. 37. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful
Cometh for his healing touch divine,
For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
Breathing all the heart to him in prayer;
Coming some day to the heavenly [mansions
He will give thee welcome there.

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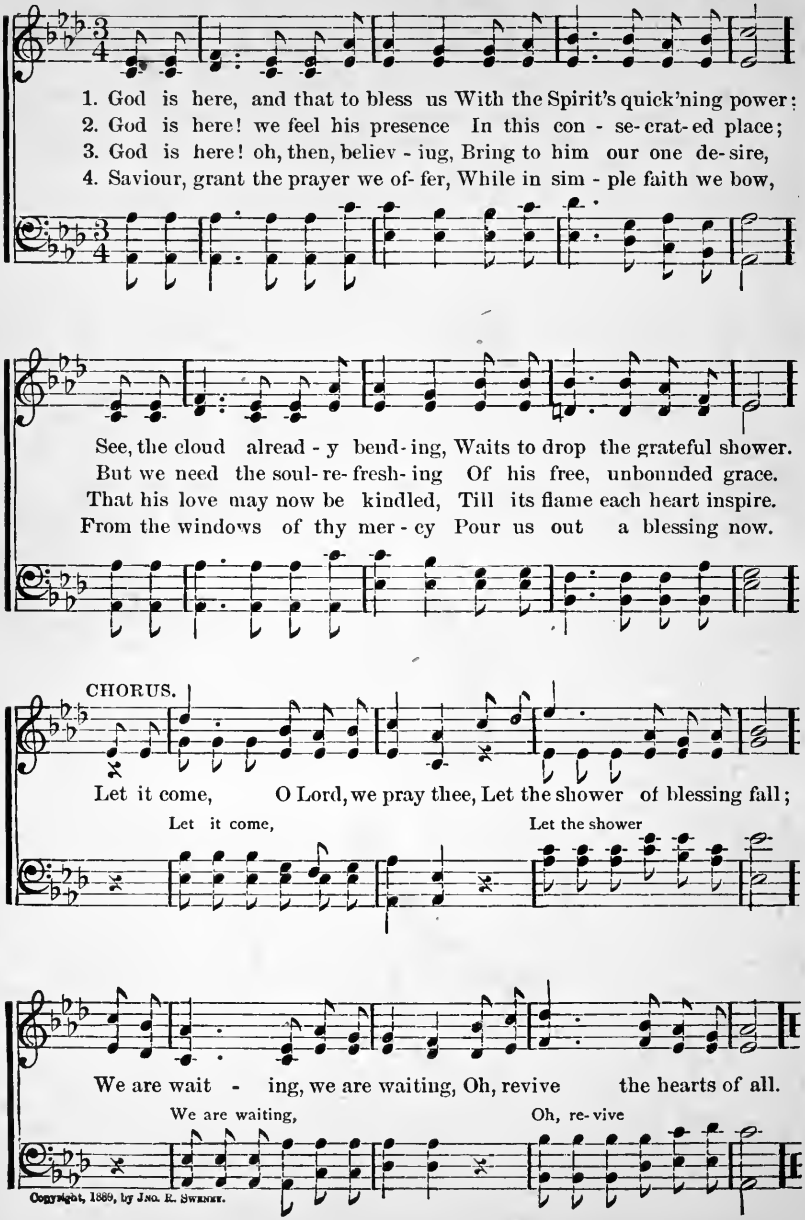
Revive the Hearts of All.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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How are You Living?

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

Trusting in the Name of Jesus.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Dear Saviour, Cleanse Me Now.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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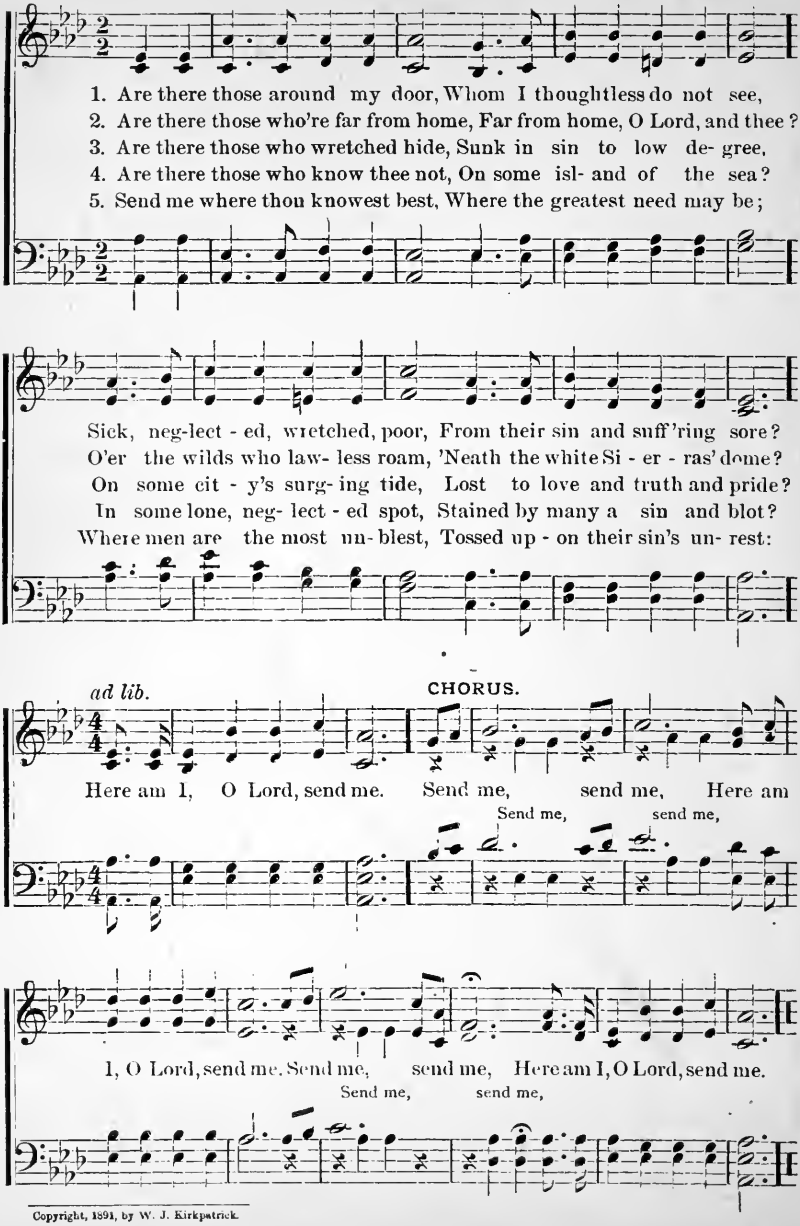
Send Me.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. Rev. L. L Pickett.



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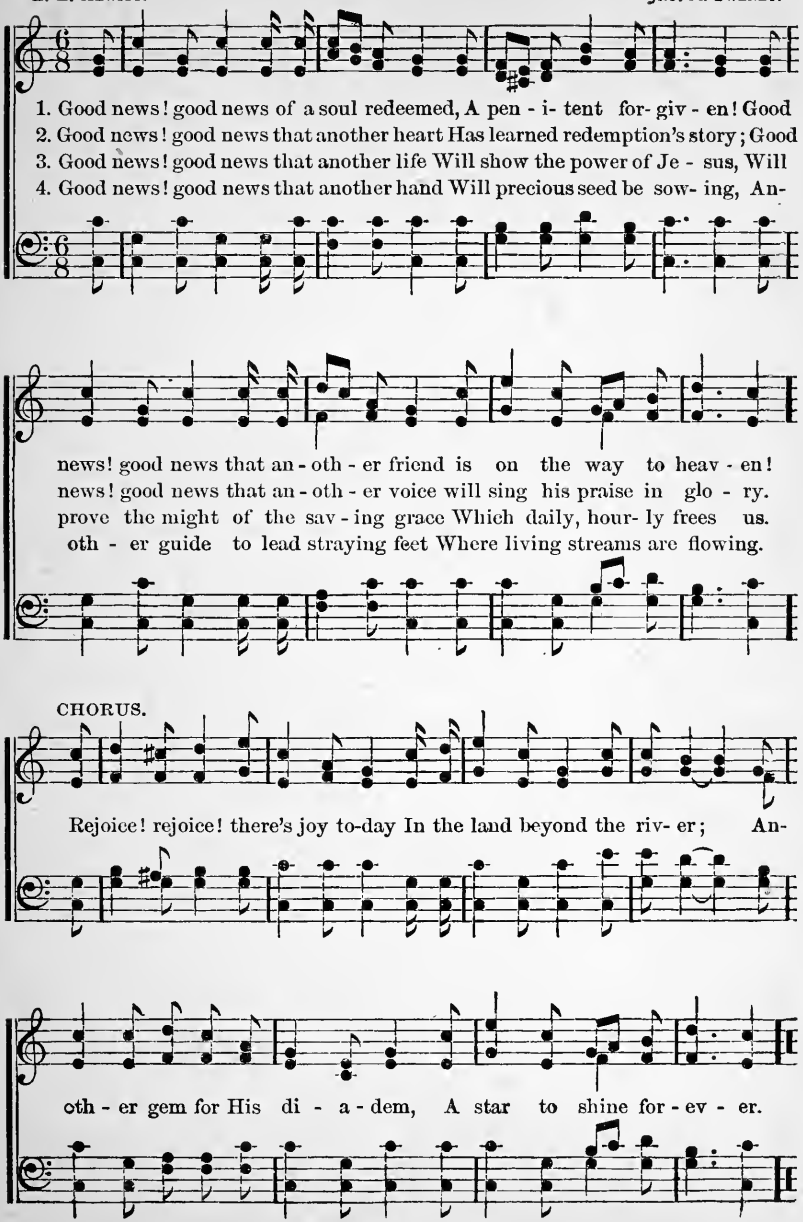

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Resting by and by.

Rev. W. E. Penn. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

From "Harvest Bells," by per.

Then Rejoice, all Ye Ransomed.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth" Luke xv. 10.

E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.

From the "Shout of Victory By per."

Follow Me.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.

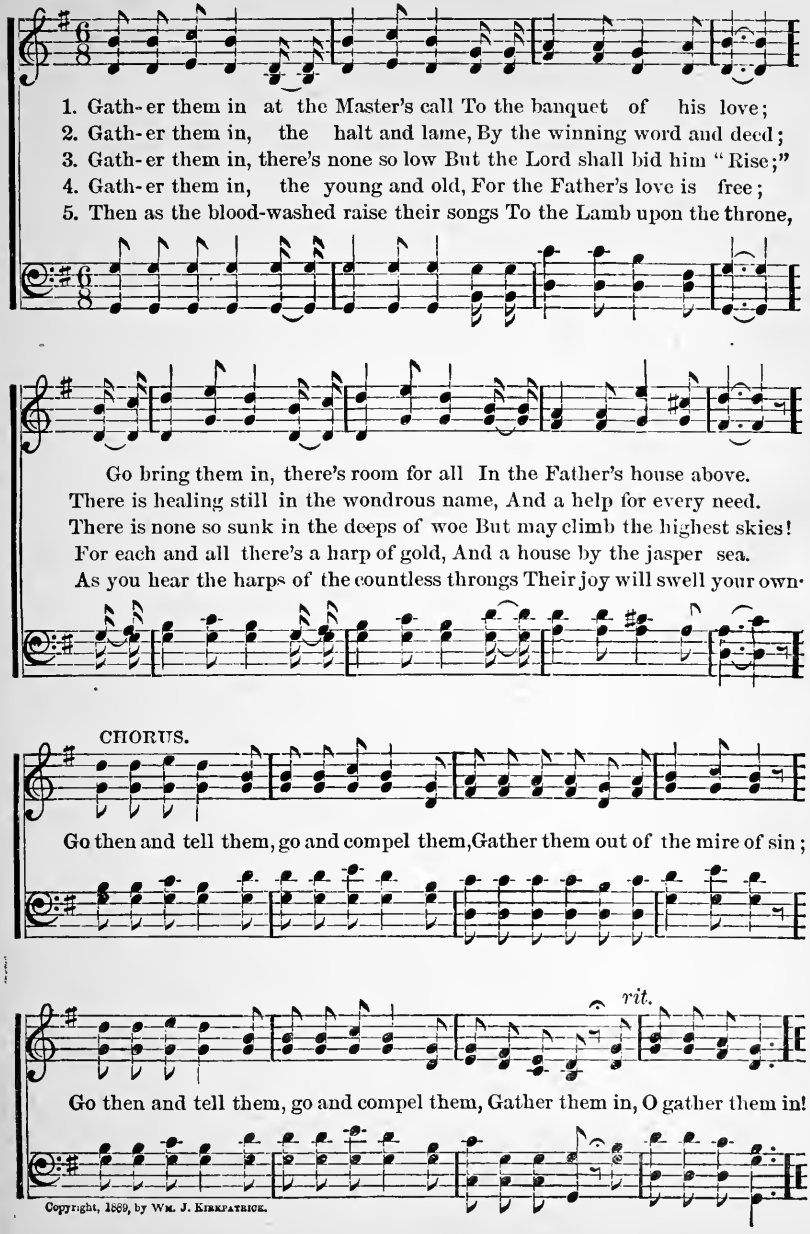
Be thy pathway bright or dreary
Whither duty leadeth thee,
Strong thy steps, or faint and weary,
I will guide thee,—follow me.

5 When thy days on earth are ending,
And the close of life you see,
Even to the grave descending,
Never fear, but follow me.

By permission.

Gather Them In.

Rev. Henry Burton. M.A. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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All Bright Above.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

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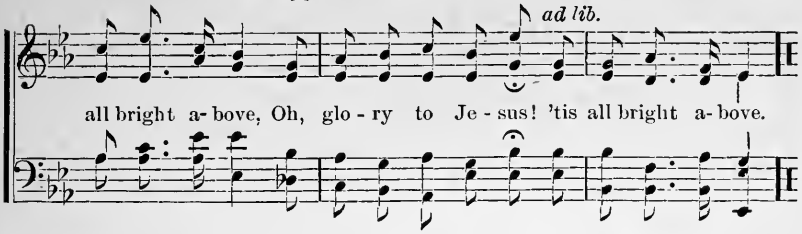
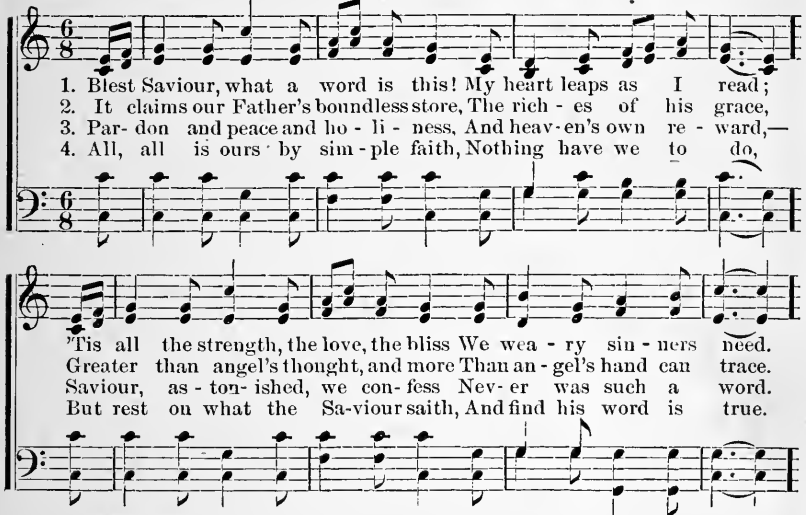


According to Your Faith.

Rev. J. L. Stokes. L. L. Pickett.



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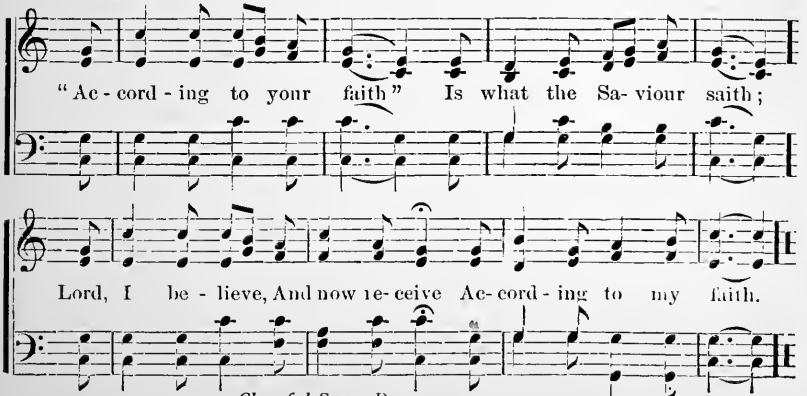
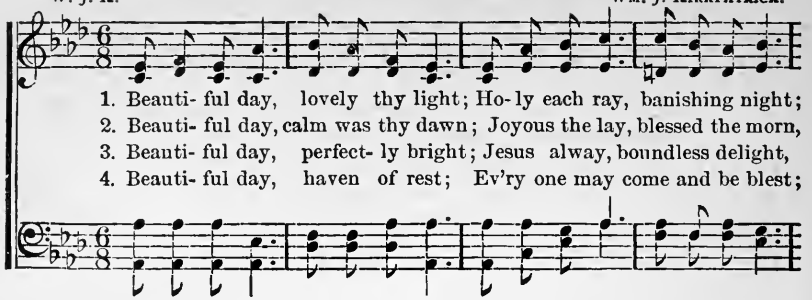
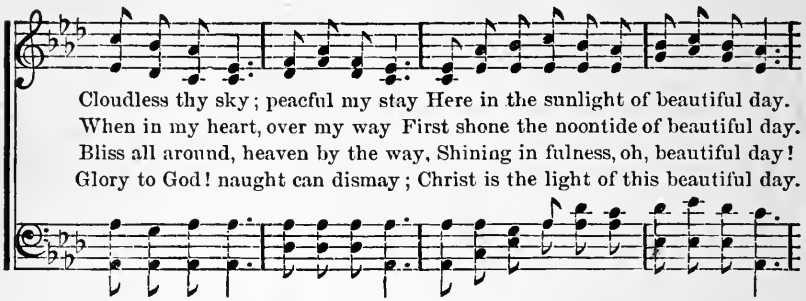


Beautiful Day.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





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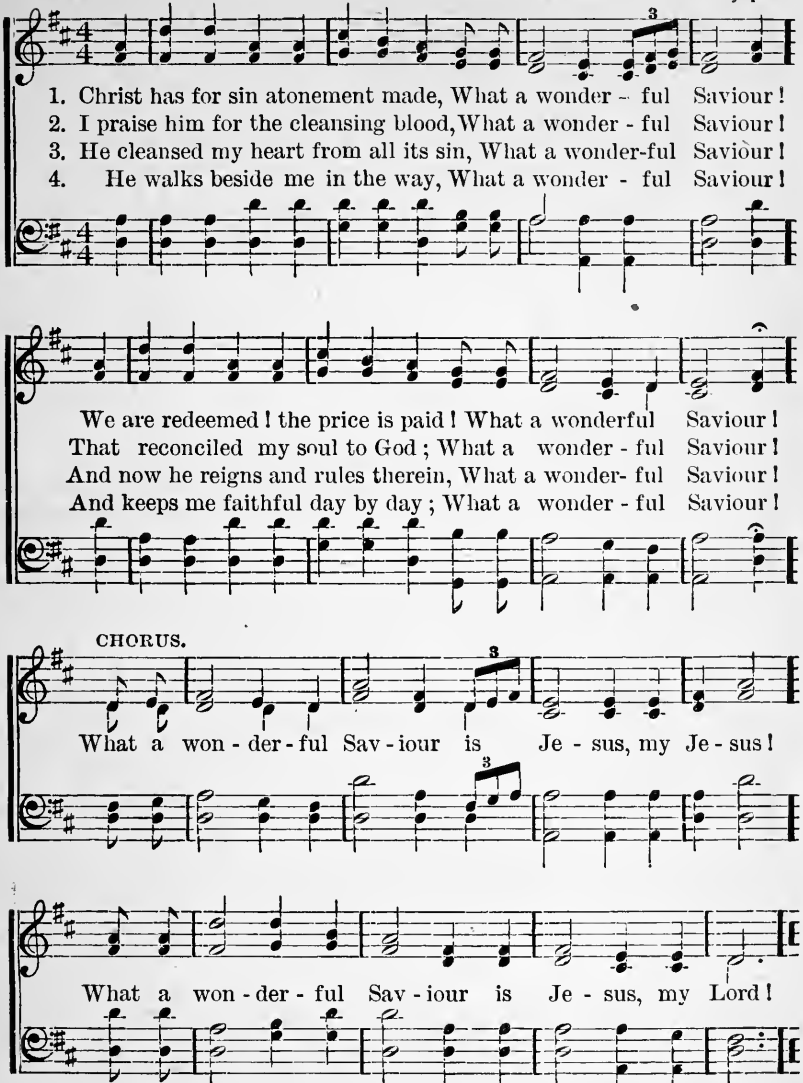
What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. ix. 6.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. by per.



5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each conflict hour,
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part,
What a wonderful Saviour!

I Want to be a Worker.

I. B. "The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27. I. BALTZELL.

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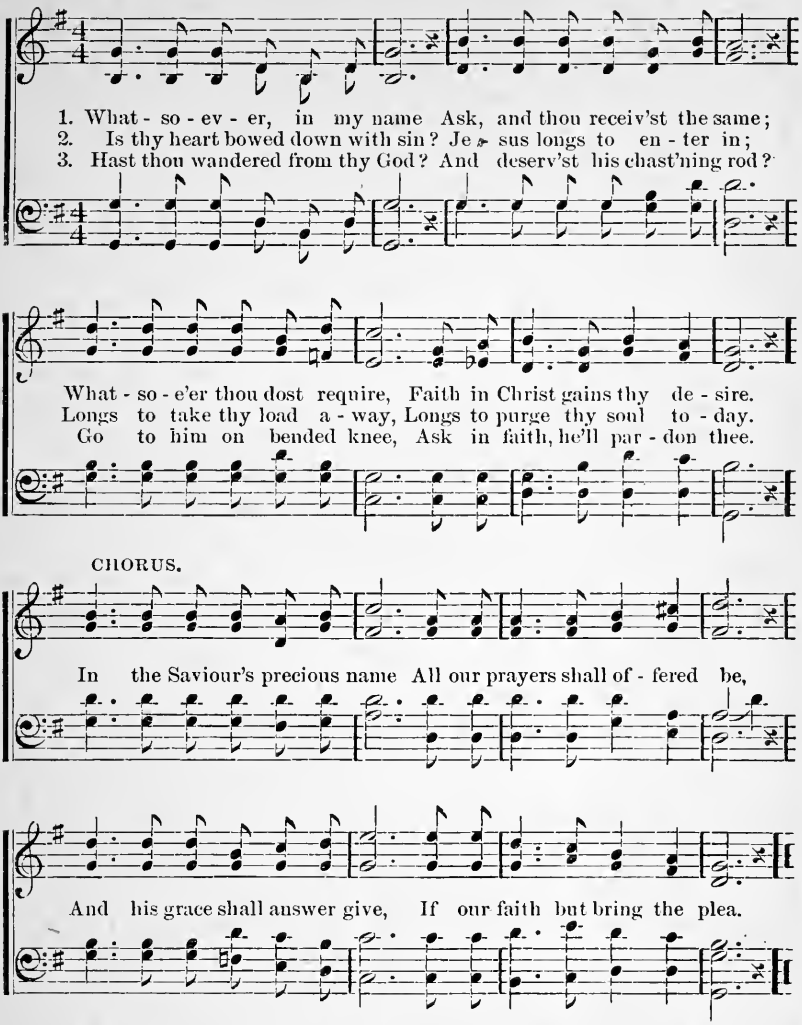
Whatsoever.

J. A. Holland. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



4 Is thy soul with sorrow riven?
And in vain with it hast striven?
Carry all to God in prayer;
Thou shalt be of heaven an heir.

5 Is thy life with care oppressed?
Liv'st thou even in distress?
Jesus Christ, the man of grief,
Gives, to all who seek, relief.

6 Wilt thou by his hand be led?
And by waters still be fed,
Drinking draughts of grace divine?
Live then always in the Vine.

7 May our trust from day to day
Gleam, O Lord, with brightest ray,
Till we see thee face to face,
Perfect in thy power and grace.

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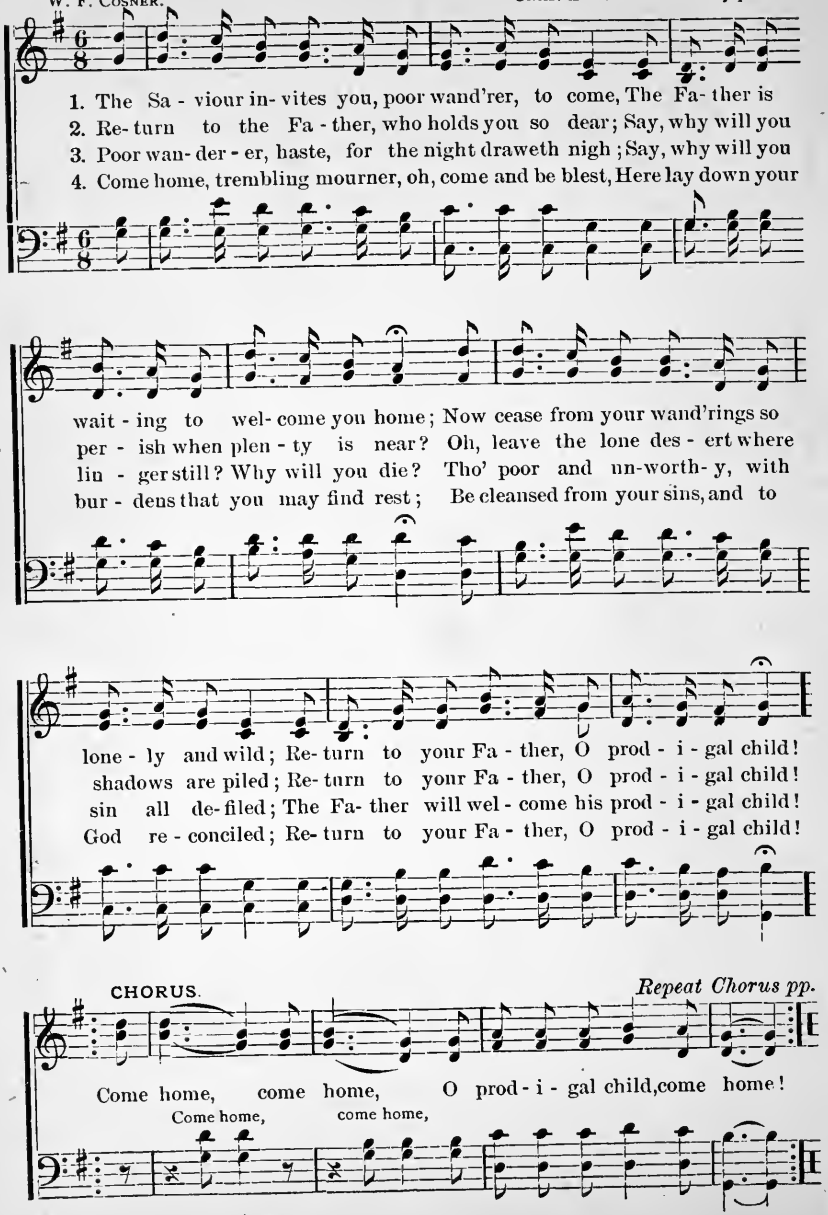
Come Home.

I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15 : 18.

W. F. COSNER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



Trusting Only Thee. 23

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Words of Cho. by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

5 I am trusting thee for power,
These can never fail;
Words that thou thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee for ever,
And for all.

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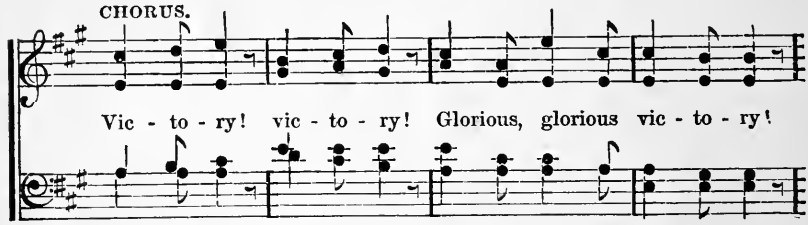
Jesus Waits to Help You.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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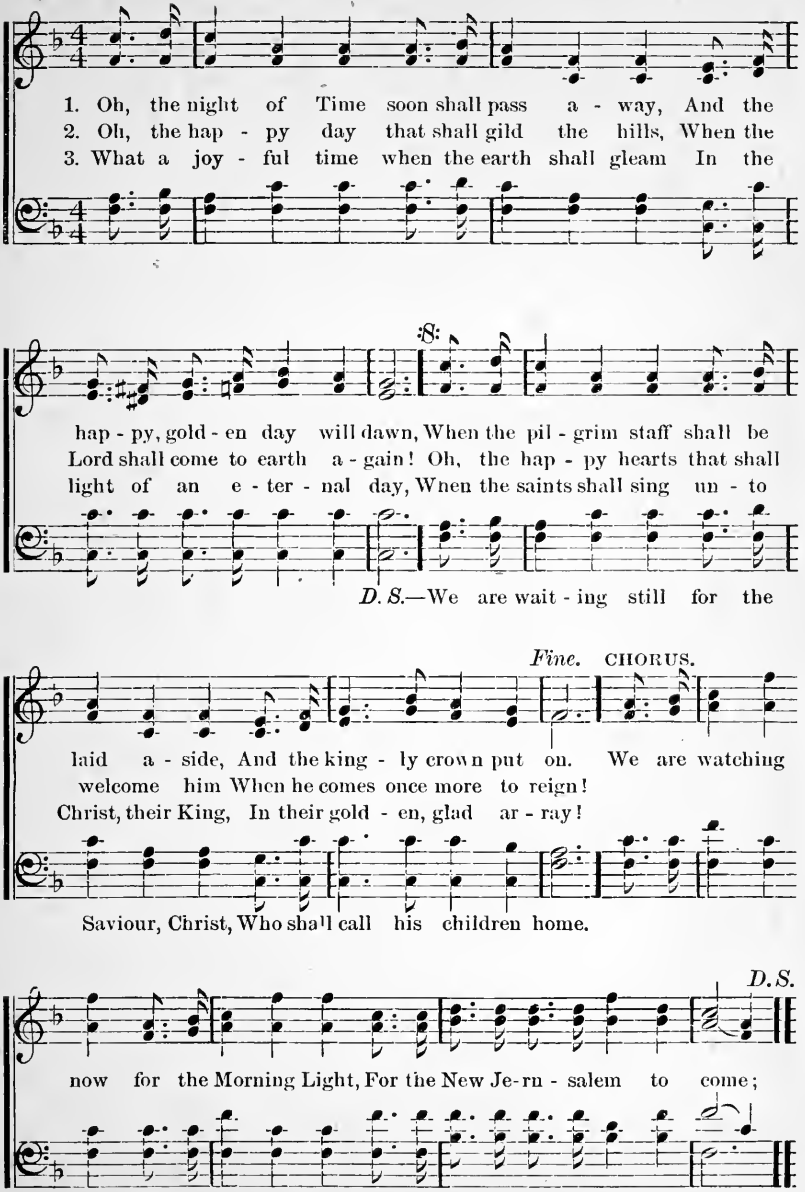
The Morning Light.

A. S. KIEFFER. D. E. DORTCH.



From "Grace and Glory," by per.

What Wilt Thou have Me to Do?

CLAYES

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

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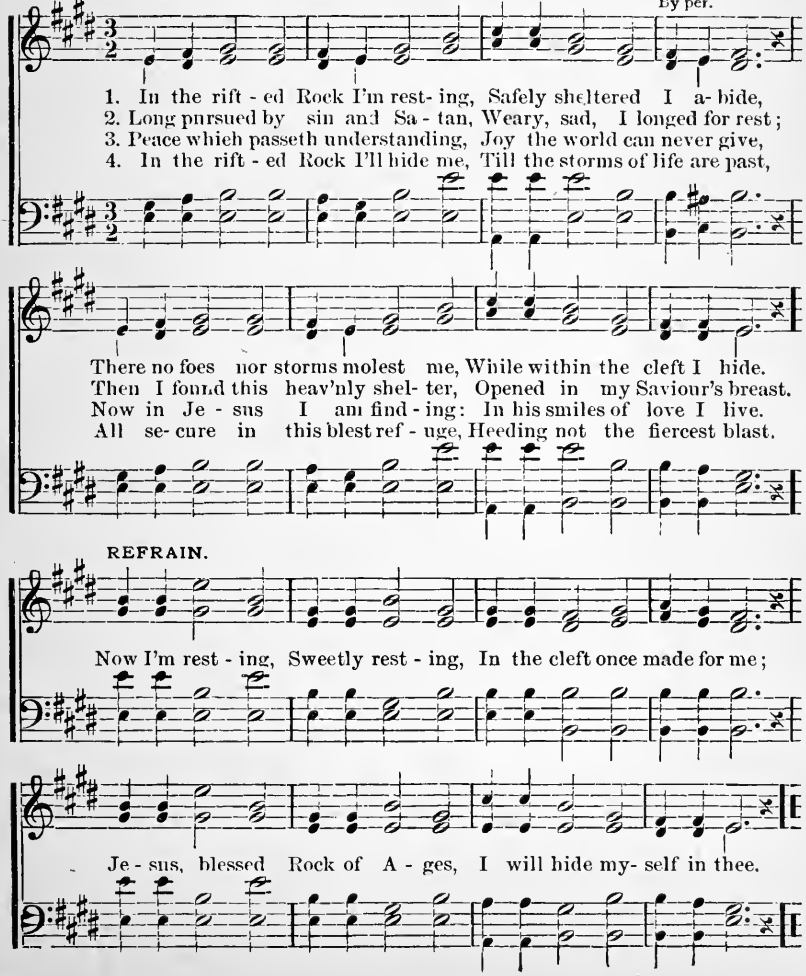
Sweetly Resting.

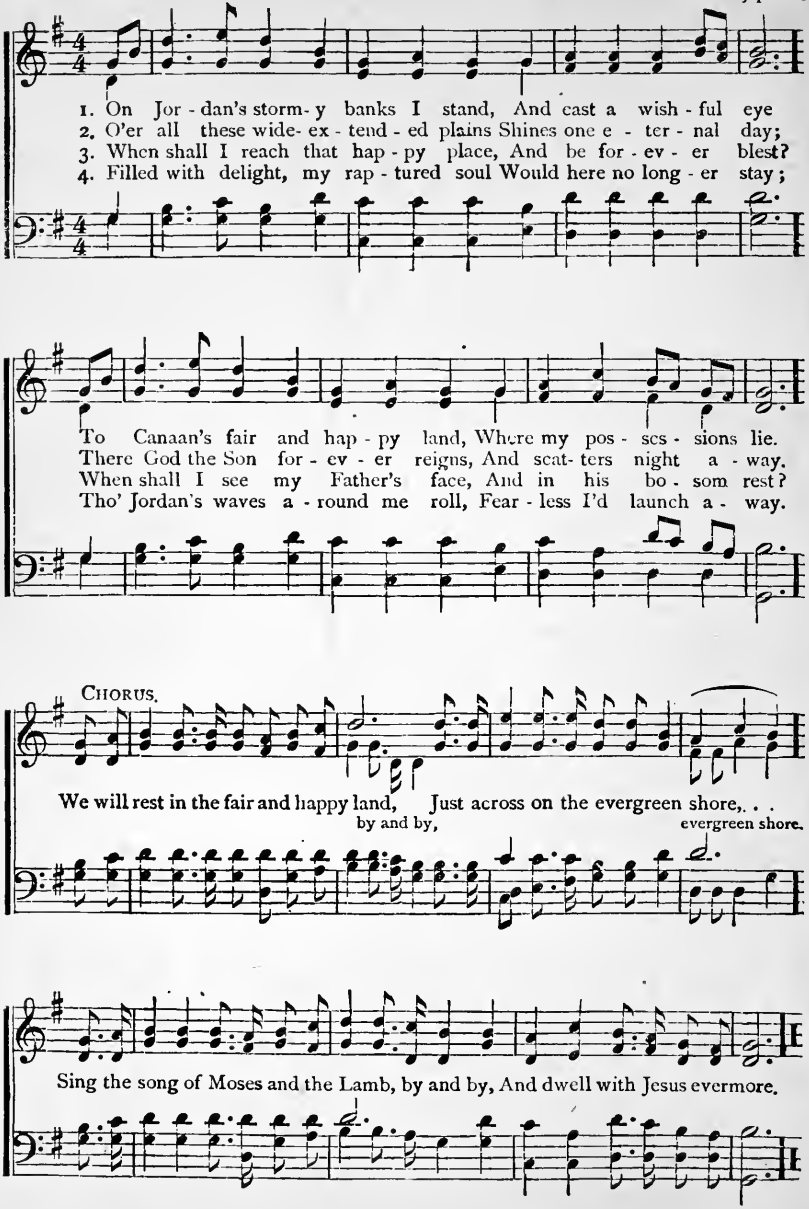
MARY D. JAMES

W. WARREN BENTLEY.
By per.



The Land Just Across the River.

T. C. O'Kane. By per.



The Saviour Precious.

JAMES S. APPLE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

3 I have found the Saviour precious;
Hallelujah! praise his name!
To a mansion in his kingdom
Through his grace the right I claim.

I have found the Saviour precious;
He has proved my dearest Friend;
And my faith can trust his promise
Of protection to the end.

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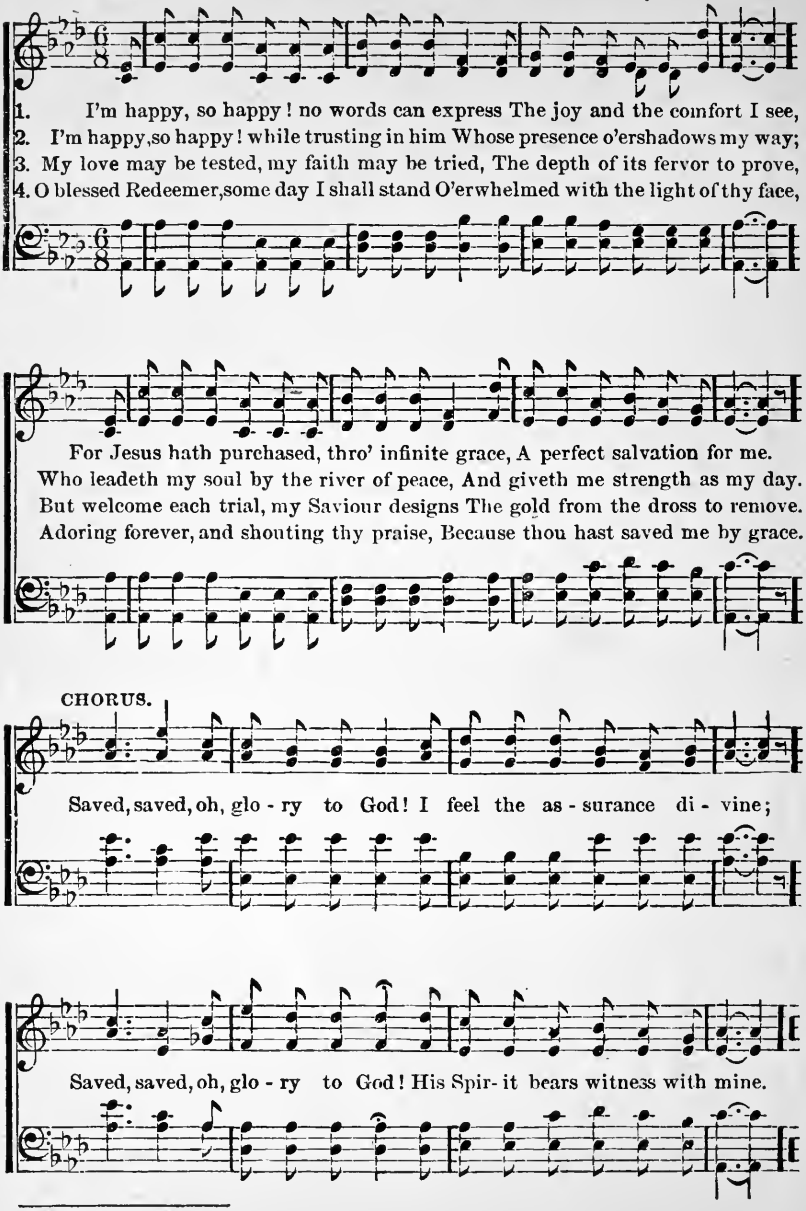
I'm Happy, so Happy!

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

W. J. K.

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Lost but Found.

F. J. C. Jno. R. Sweney.

3 Lost but found! I now can sing
Vict'ry through my Saviour King,
‖: Vict'ry ev'ry day and hour; :‖
Vict'ry still will be my song
When I join the ransom'd throng,
‖: Vict'ry o'er the tempter's power. :‖

4 O that all the world would prove
How a pard'ning God can love,
‖: How he waits for all who come! :‖
O that all the world might see
What his grace hath done for me!
‖: How he welcomes wand'rers home.: ‖

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Go Tell the World of His Love.

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Home at Last.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Melody by M Lindsay.
Arr by W. J. K.

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At the Golden Landing.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENBY.

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Work, Vote, Pray.

E. E. Hewitt — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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Joy in Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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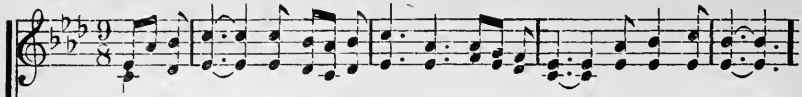
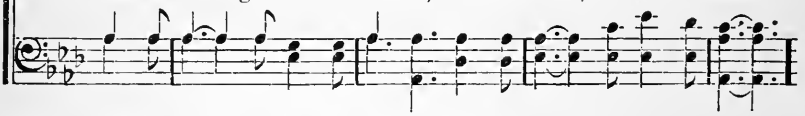
We shall Walk the Realms of Glory.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



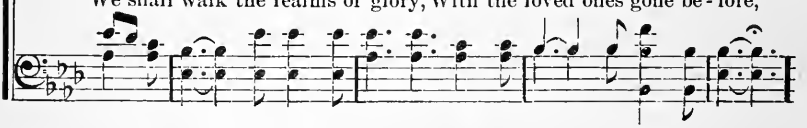
1. We shall walk the realms of glory, Where e - ter - nal beauty reigns,
2. We shall walk the realms of glory With the blood-wash'd, mighty throng,
3. We shall walk the realms of glory, And by Je - sus' side sit down;
4. We shall walk the realms of glory, Where no tears can ev - er come,

There with ser - aph hosts unnumbered Join the grand immor - tal strains.
We shall join the an - gel harpers In their ev - erlast - ing song.
Clad no more in robes of sor - row, We shall wear a fadeless crown.
Where the sun - light is not needed, In that sweet, e - ter - nal home.



CHORUS.

We shall walk the realms of glory, With the loved ones gone be - fore,



rit.

We shall sing the sweet old sto - ry, O - ver on the oth - er shore.

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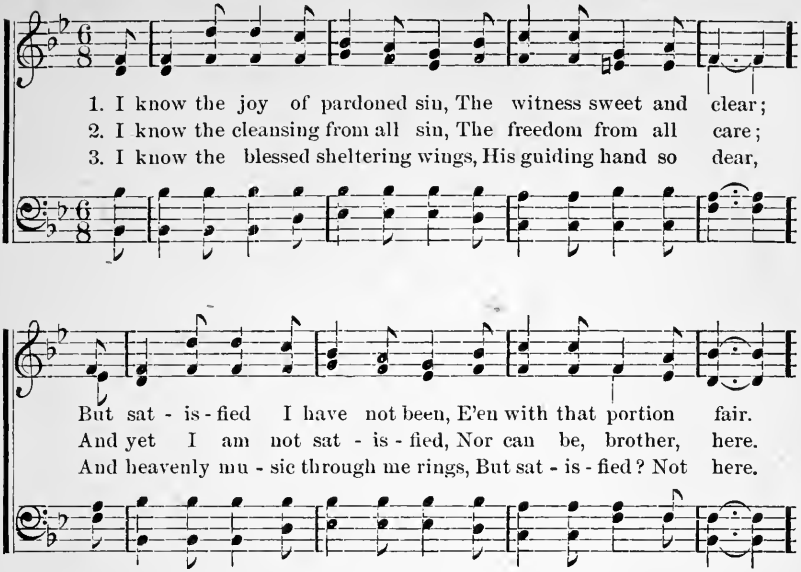
Not Satisfied Here.

Rev. J. Lemacks Stokes. Psa. xvii. 15. L. L. Pickett.



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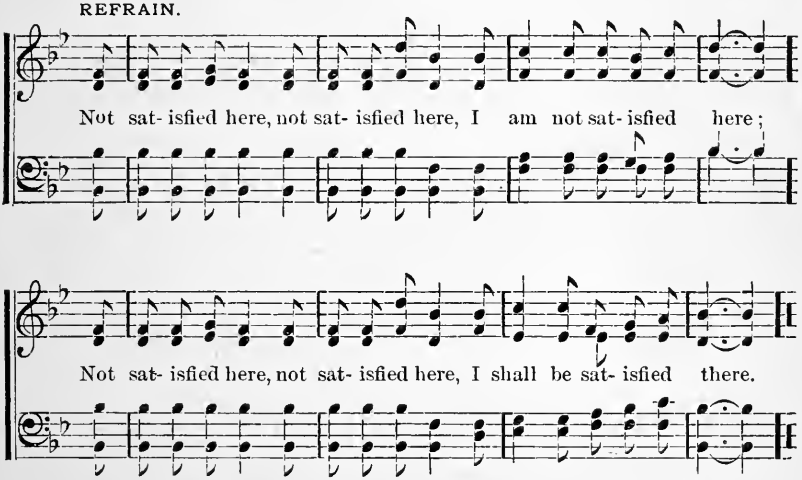

4 I run on duty's errands fleet,
I feel the Master near,
But more I long to be complete,
His perfect likeness bear!

5 No, no, my Lord, not satisfied,
Till full redemption's given,
And the free spirit at thy side,
Shall live the life of heaven.

Blessed Light of God.

E. A. Barnes. "His marvellous light." 1 Peter. ii. 9. Jno. R. Sweney.

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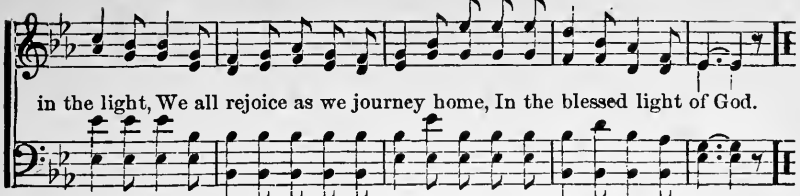

Father all Holy.

E. E. Hewitt. THE LORD'S PRAYER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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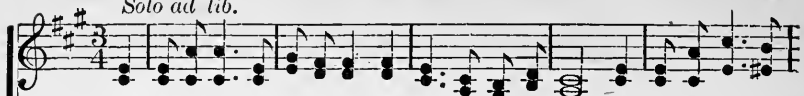
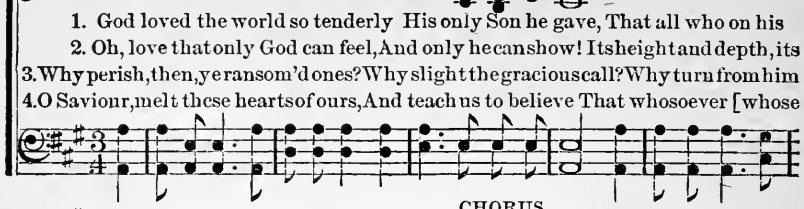
God so Loved the World.

FANNY J. CROSBY. John iii. 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

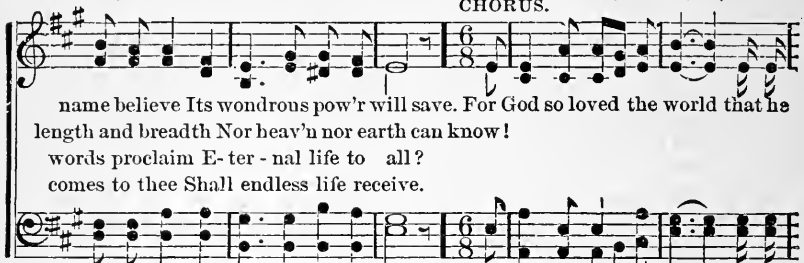
Solo ad lib.



1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his
2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its
3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him
4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose

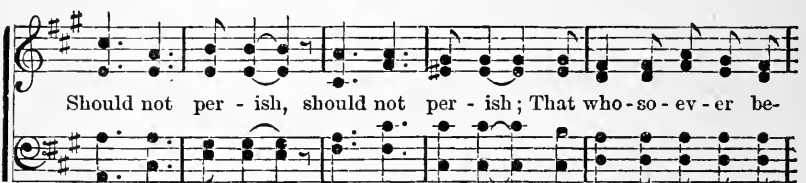


CHORUS.

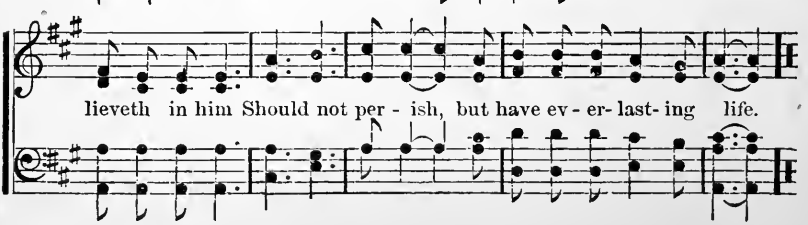


name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he
length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!
words proclaim E - ter - nal life to all?
comes to thee Shall endless life receive.

gave his on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - lieveth in him



Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be-



lieveth in him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

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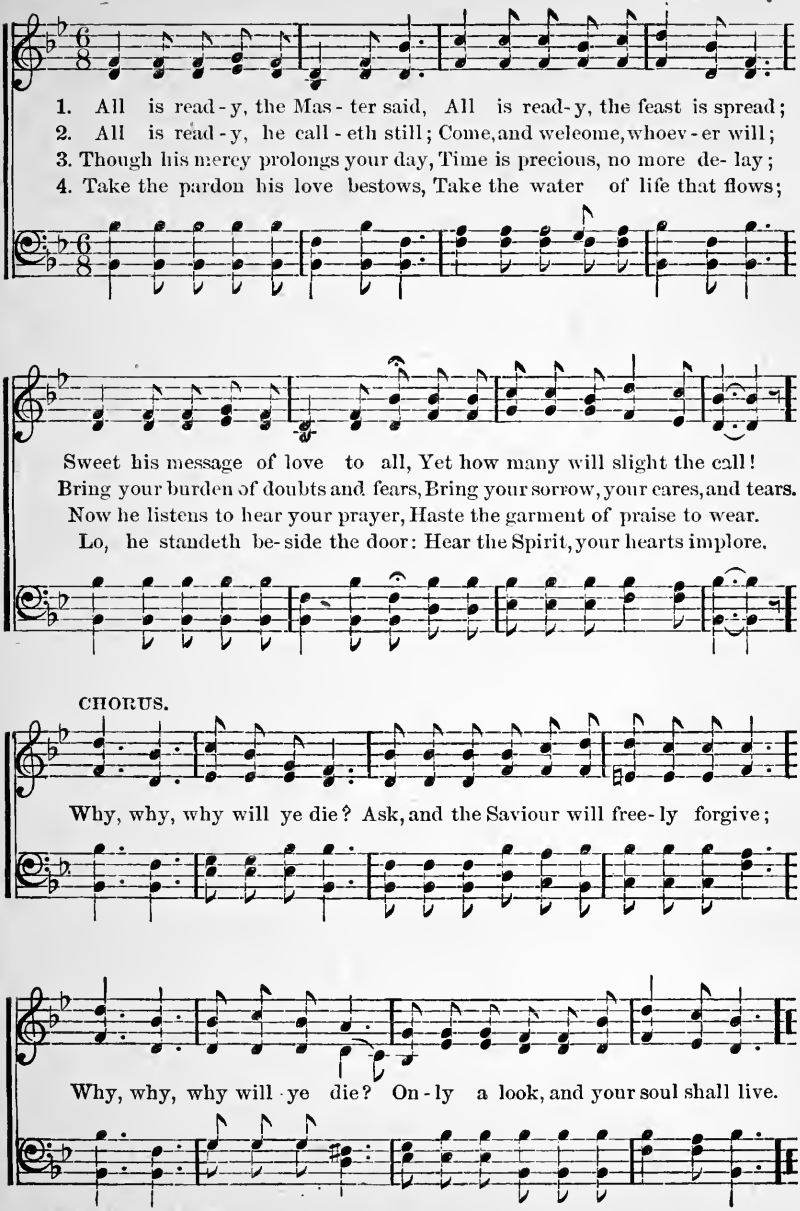
All is Ready.

SALLIE L. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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44 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

By per. A. J. Showalter.

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

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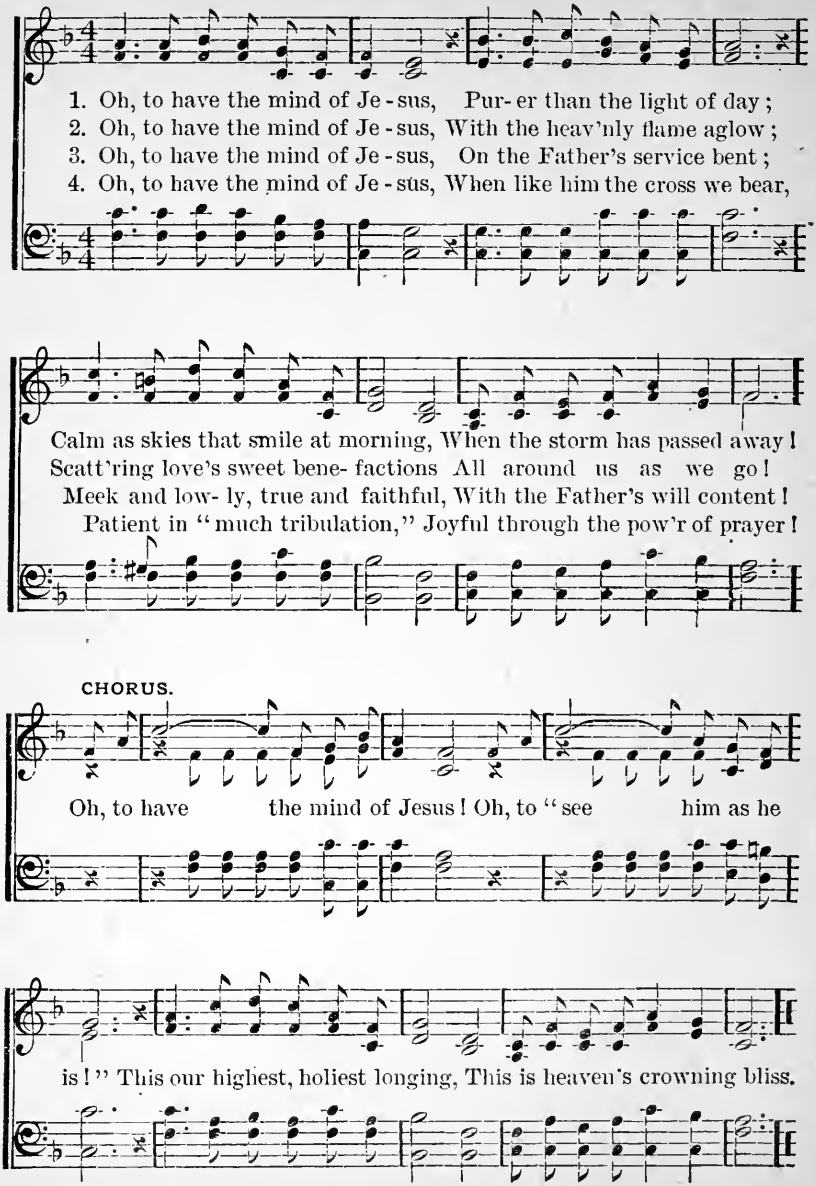
The Mind of Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



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I am Weary of Sin.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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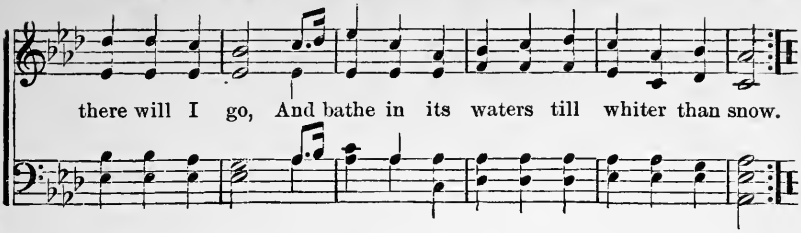
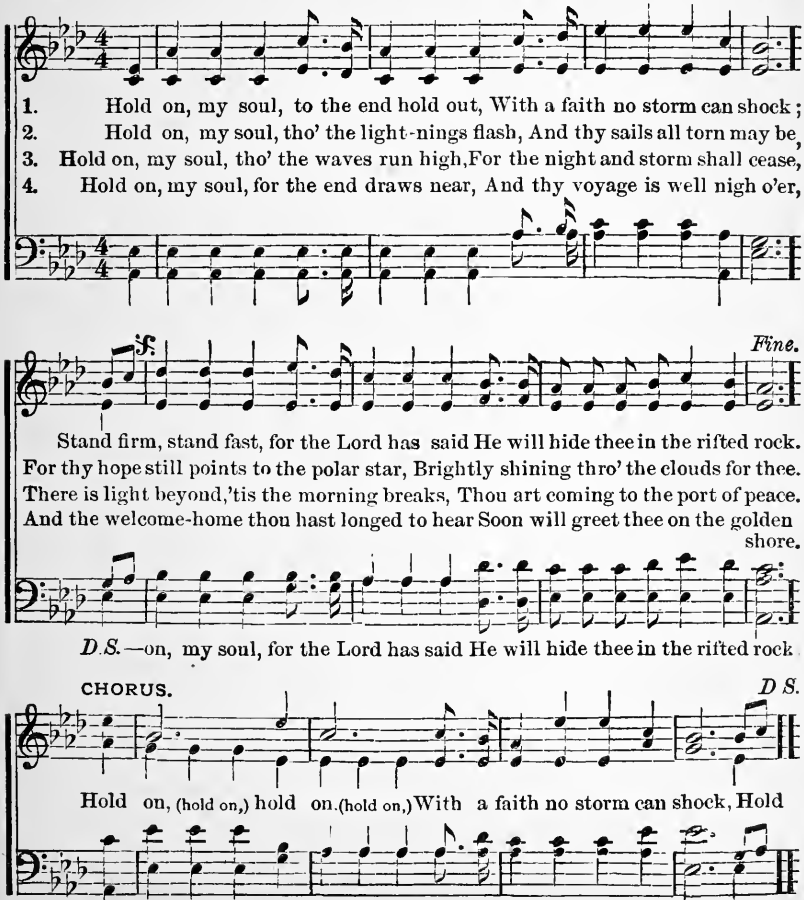


Hold On, My Soul.

Wm. H. Jones. Jno. R. Sweney.



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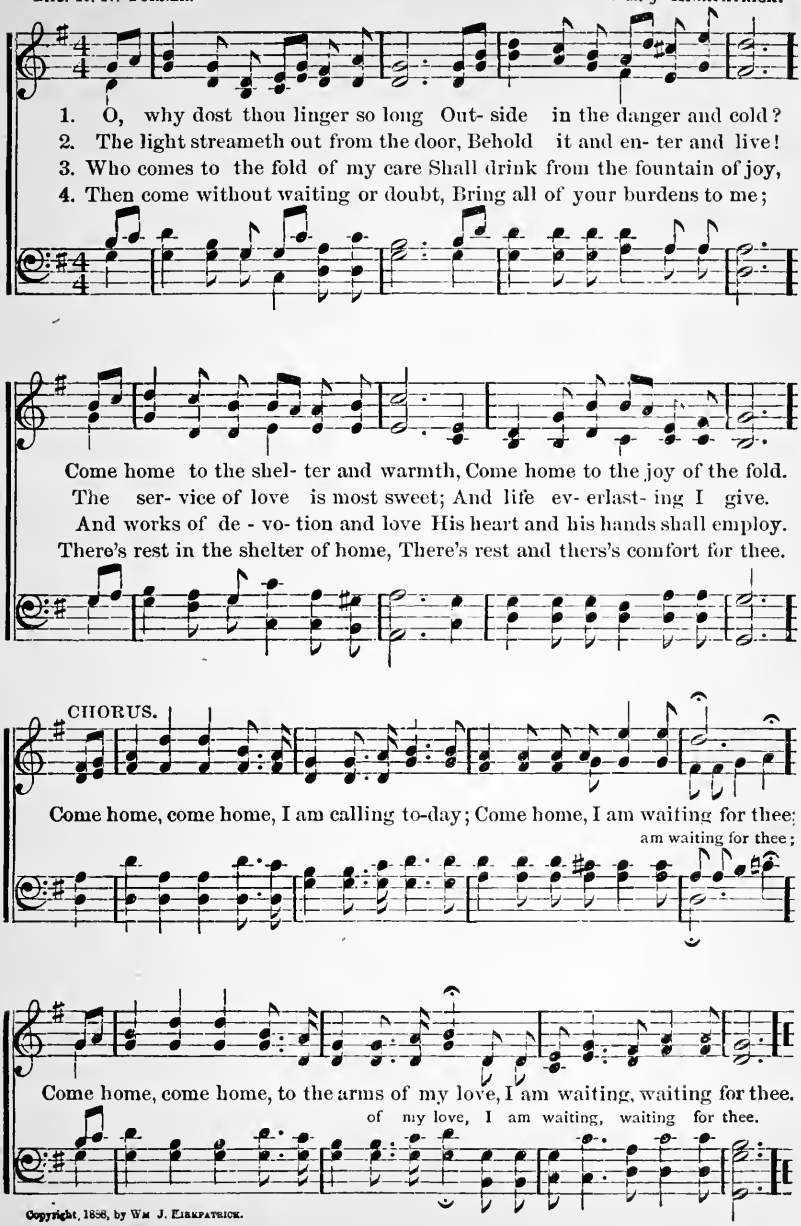
Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. Lorenz. By per.

I'm Waiting for Thee.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J Kirkpatrick.



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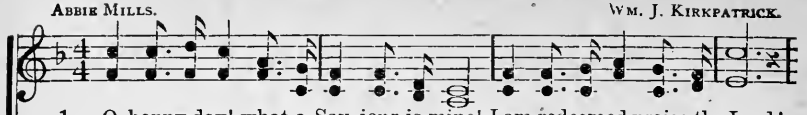
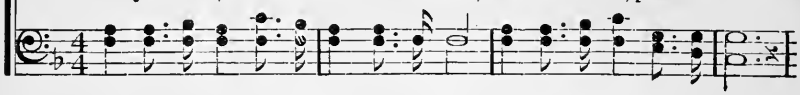
Redeemed, Praise the Lord.

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

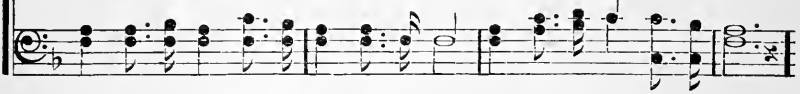


1. O happy day! what a Sav-iour is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
3. Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
4. Glory to God, I would shout ev - ermore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



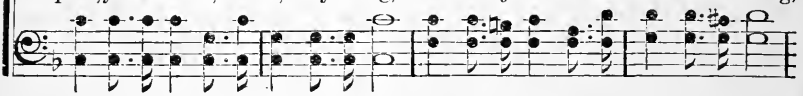
Fine.

All to his pleasure I glad - ly re-sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Let ev'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Now I am free; ev'ry chain has been riven,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



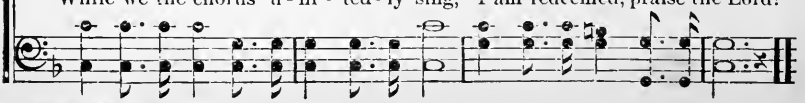
Key C.

Jesus has taken my burden away; Jesus has turned all my night into day;
His loving-kindness is better than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;
Help me, ye ransom'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heavens ring,



Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C

Jesus has come to my heart,—come to stay,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Wondrous Salvation, that ne'er can be told,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
Safe on the rock I am standing to- day,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
While we the chorus u - ni - ted - ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



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Come to Jesus while You may. 53

Mrs. C. N. Pickop. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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The Saviour is My All in All.

P. B. "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. P. BILHORN.

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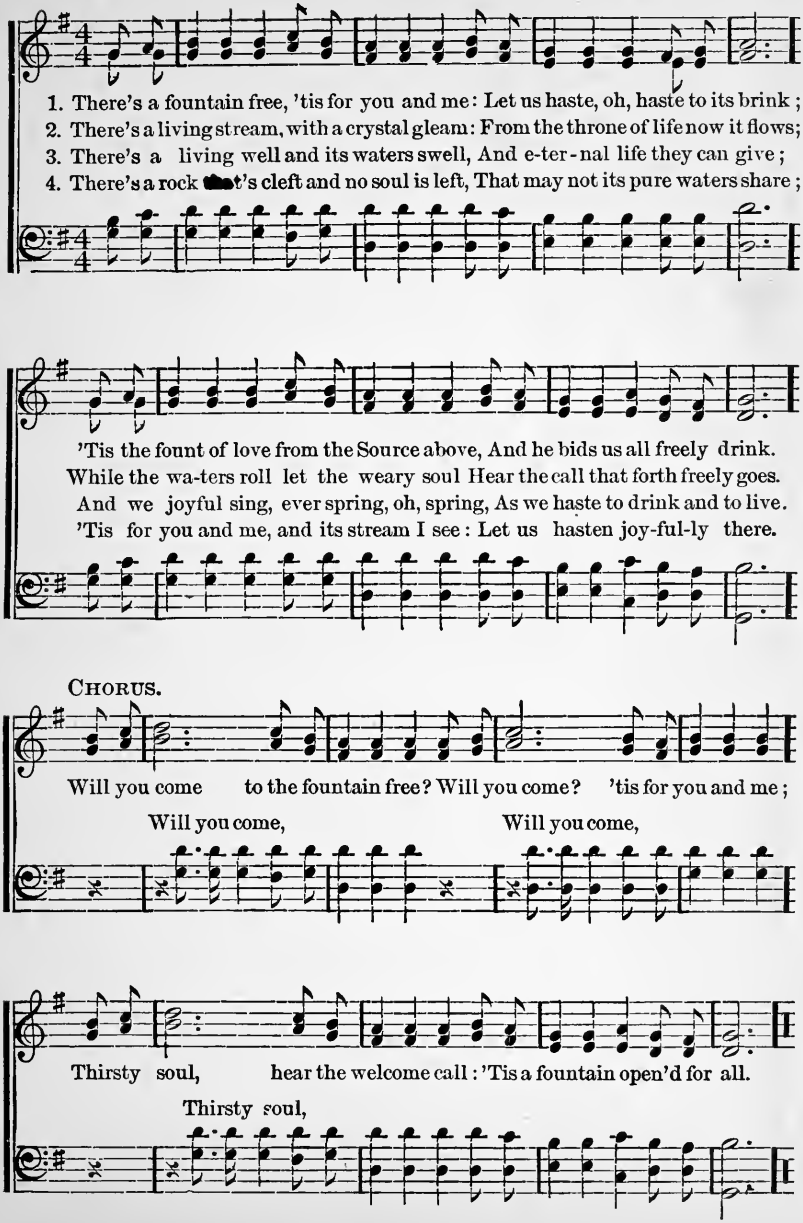
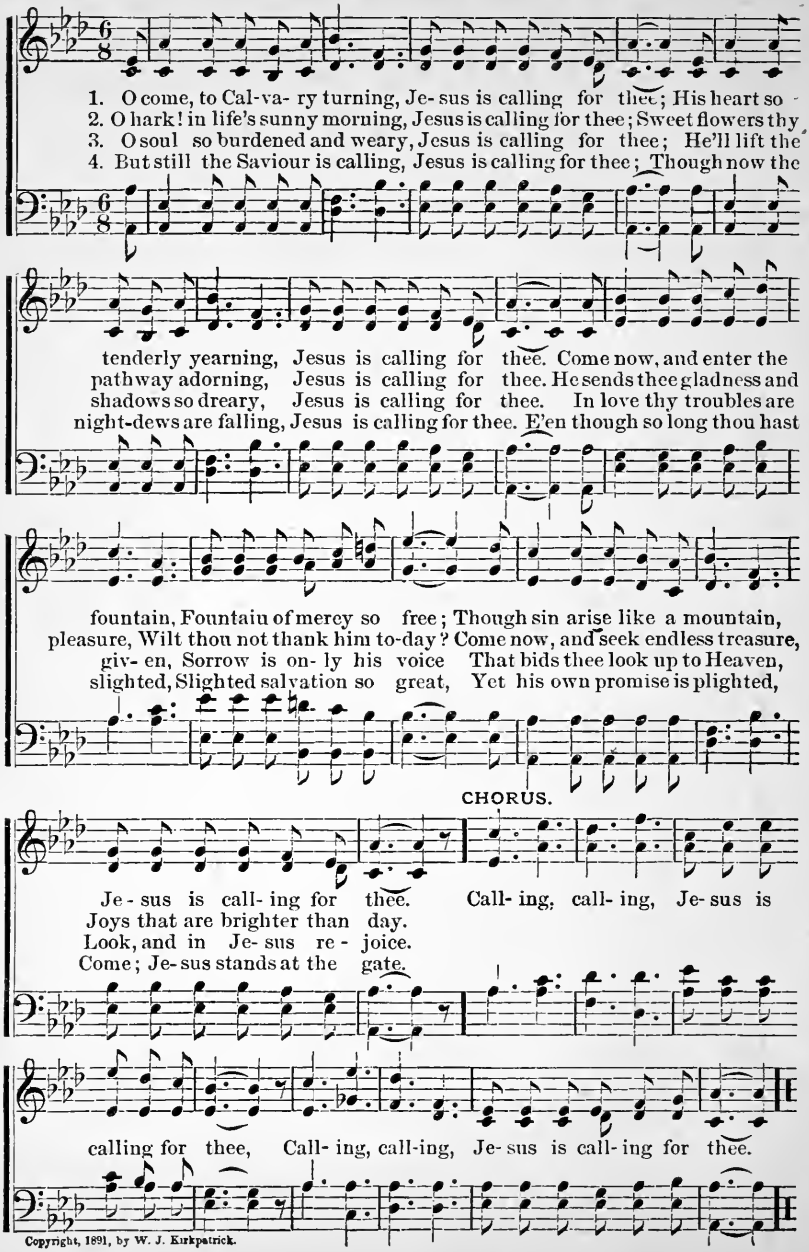
Free Waters.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett. By per.



Jesus is Calling for Thee.

Lidie H. Edmunds. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



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Purity, Whiter than Snow,

Rev. John O. Foster. Jno R. Sweney.

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There's a Beautiful Land.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. U. BUTCHER.

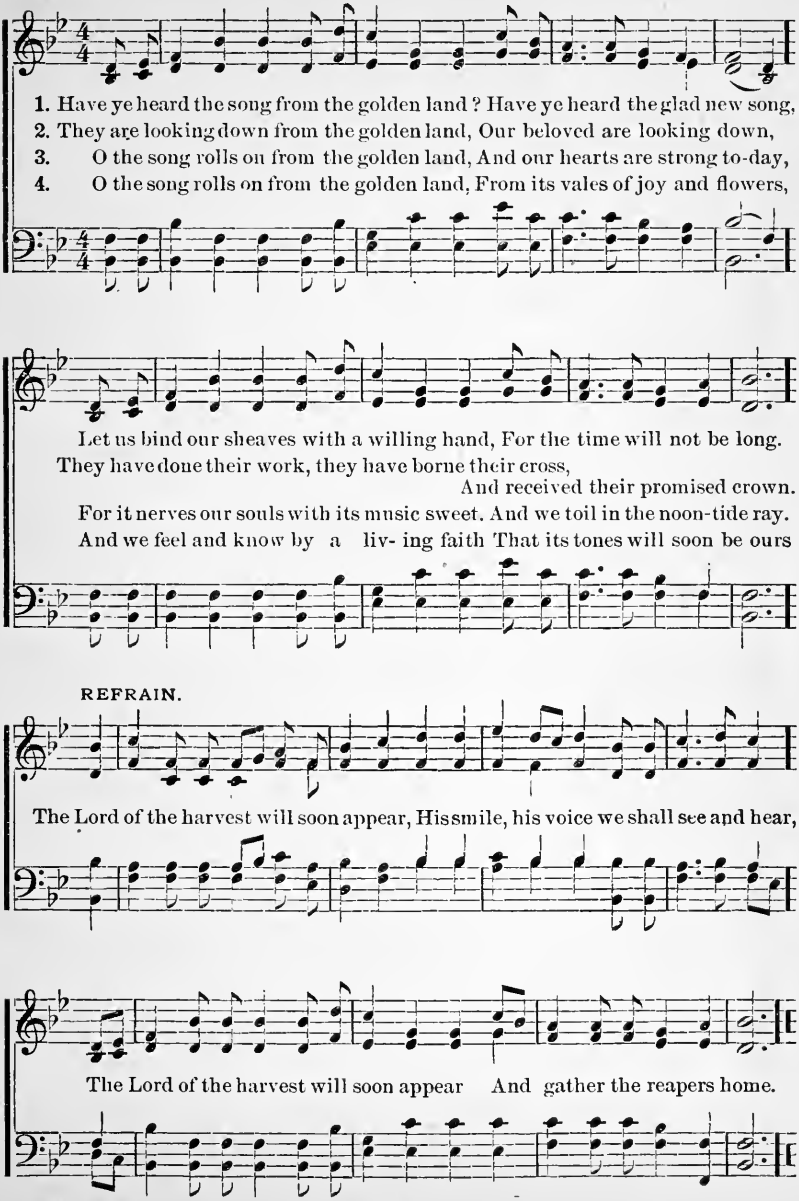
5 There's a beautiful land on high;
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.

6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say, "good-bye!"
When over the river we are happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.

By per. of A. S. Jenks, Esq.

Gather the Reapers Home.

JENNIE JOHNSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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Meet me There.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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To Save a Poor Sinner.

Rev. John O. Foster, A. M. Grace I. Foster.

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The Lights of Home.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Question in italics responses in roman type.

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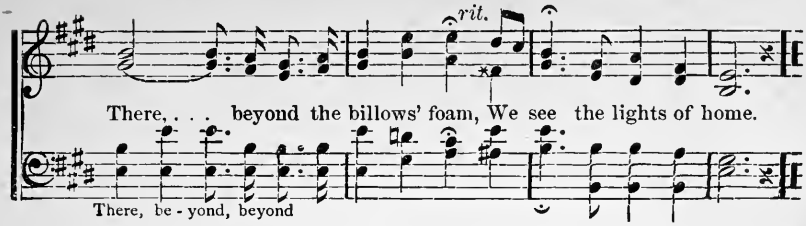

Battling for the Lord.

T. E. PERKINS.

4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
Battling for the Lord!
Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Battling for the Lord!

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Battling for the Lord!

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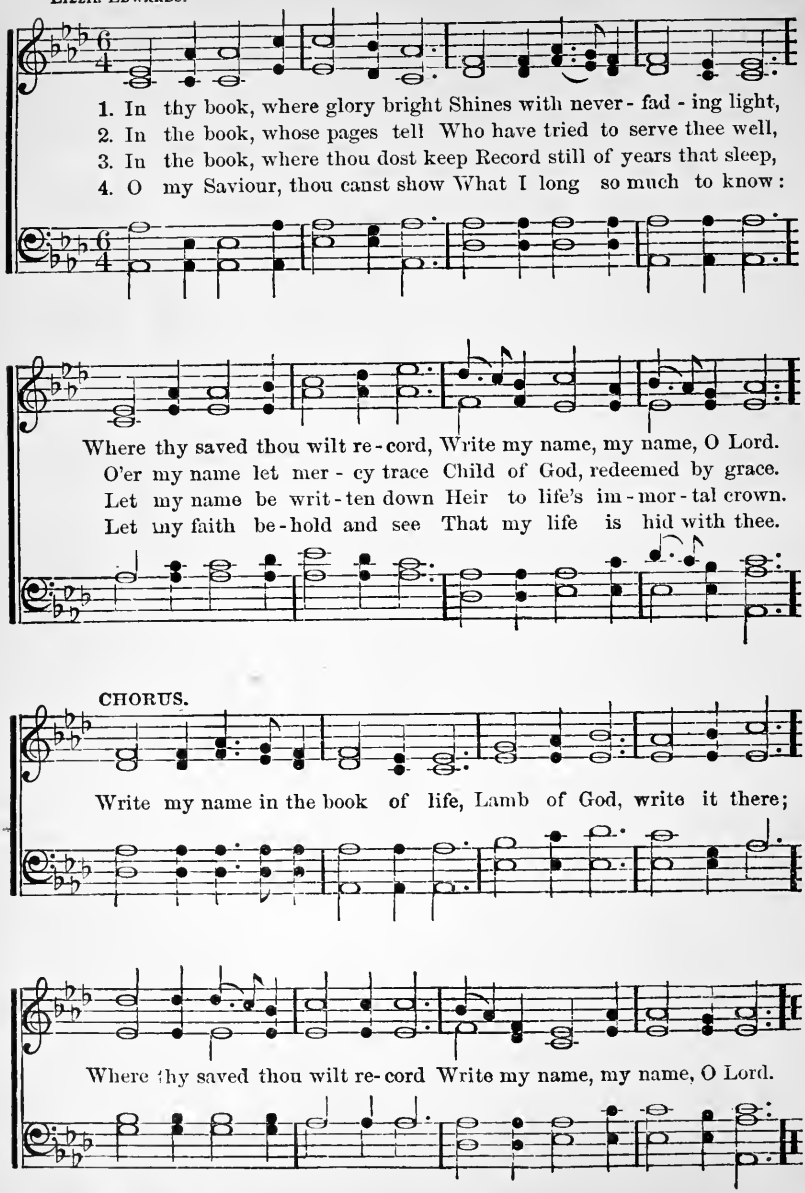
In the Book of Life.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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Mansions All Bright.

Rev. L. L. Pickett. By per.

I Come to Thee.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 'Midst pressing care and daily need
Thy overruling love I read,
For help, thy "present help," I plead;
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

5 In weakness be my mighty Tower,
My Refuge in temptation's hour;
My brightest joy when blessings shower;
I come, dear Lord, to thee.

Copyright, 1889, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

Speak to Me, Jesus.

1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so
2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, in sickness and sorrow, so
3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im - part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

F.

oft - en have told That sto - ry so simple, so kind and so free, Oh,
ten - der and soft, Did gently ad - monish in Beth - a - ny's home, Oh,
wand'rings are o'er; I seek now for pardon, in pen - i - tence wait, Oh,
cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,

D. S.—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,

Fine. CHORUS.

speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . to me
speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.
speak to me, Je - sus, be - fore 'tis too late.
help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,

speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.
(3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
(4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

P

Je - sus, speak . . from a - bove, Tell . . . . of thy
speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands,

D.S.

hands, . . . of thy side, . . . and thy love; . . . For-
tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;

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Come Over.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

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Entire Consecration. 69

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart.—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

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Walking and Talking.

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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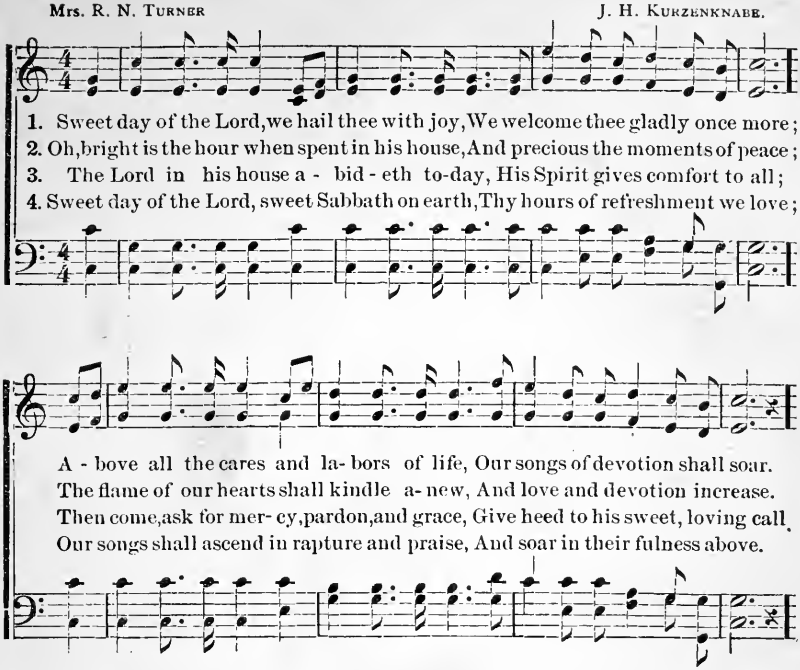
Mrs. R. N. TURNER J. H. KURZENKNABE.



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Glorious as the Light.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal iii: 17.

L. W. Smith. F. A. Blackmer.

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Stepping-stones to Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm J Kirkpatrick.

Moderato.

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Gathered Home.

SELECTED. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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Keep me ever Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY

Copyright, 1886, by John R. Sweney.

CHORUS.
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise
My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise:
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise
Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,
My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

Up and Onward.

SALLIE MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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No Shade like this for Me.

Rev Horatius Bonar. D. E. Dortch.

From "Grace and Glory," by per.

Thine Forever.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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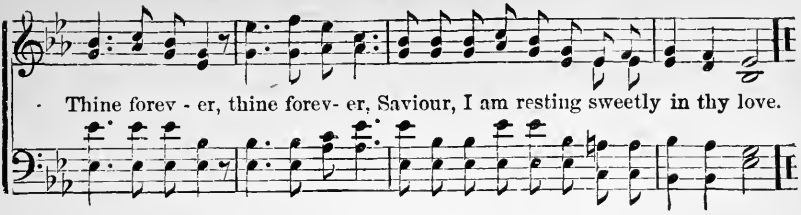
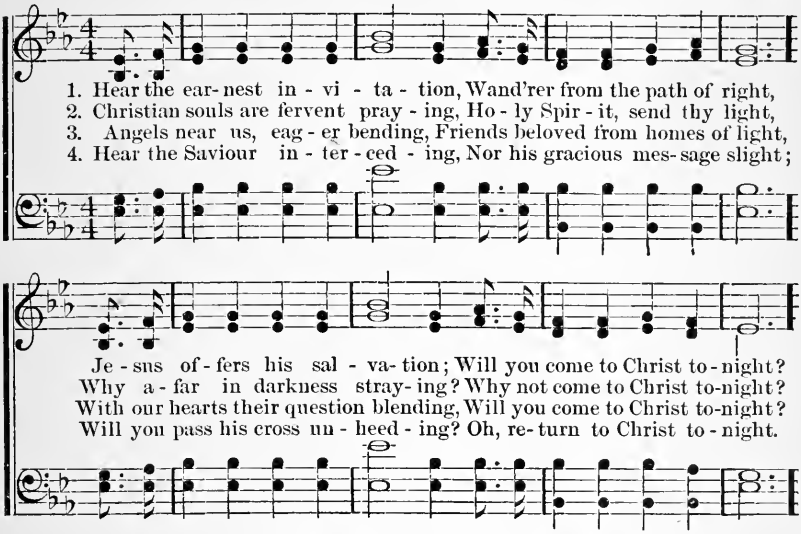


Will You Come?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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I will Trust in My Saviour.

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

Come and Ask Jesus to Save You. 83

ABBIE MILLS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

3 Would you from your chains be free?
Come and ask Jesus to save you;
Would you cease a slave to be?
Come and ask Jesus to save you.
He is every captive's friend;
If on him you now depend,
His right arm will you defend,
Come and ask Jesus to save you.

4 Would you gain yon heavenly shore?
Come and ask Jesus to save you;
Would you join those gone before?
Come and ask Jesus to save you.
He that lives who once was dead
Bore the cross; for you he bled;
He can soothe your dying bed,
Come and ask Jesus to save you.

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The Glory Land.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

Glory, I'm Redeemed.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

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Fire Away with Your Ballots.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A.M. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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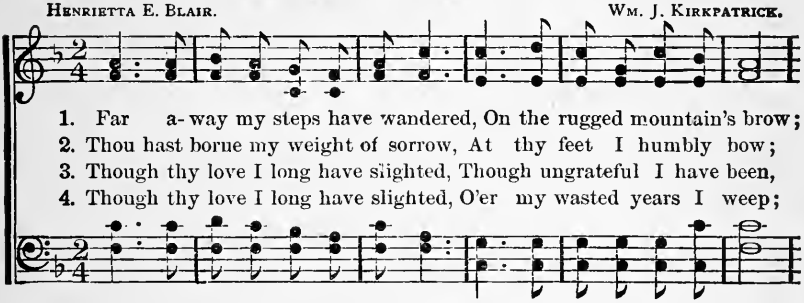
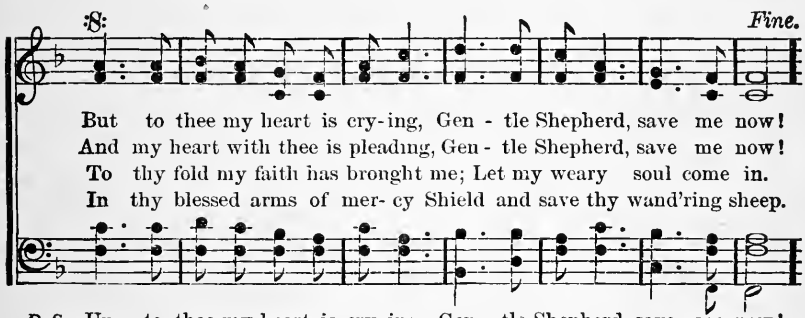
Gentle Shepherd, Save Me Now.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





D.S.—Un - to thee my heart is cry-ing, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!

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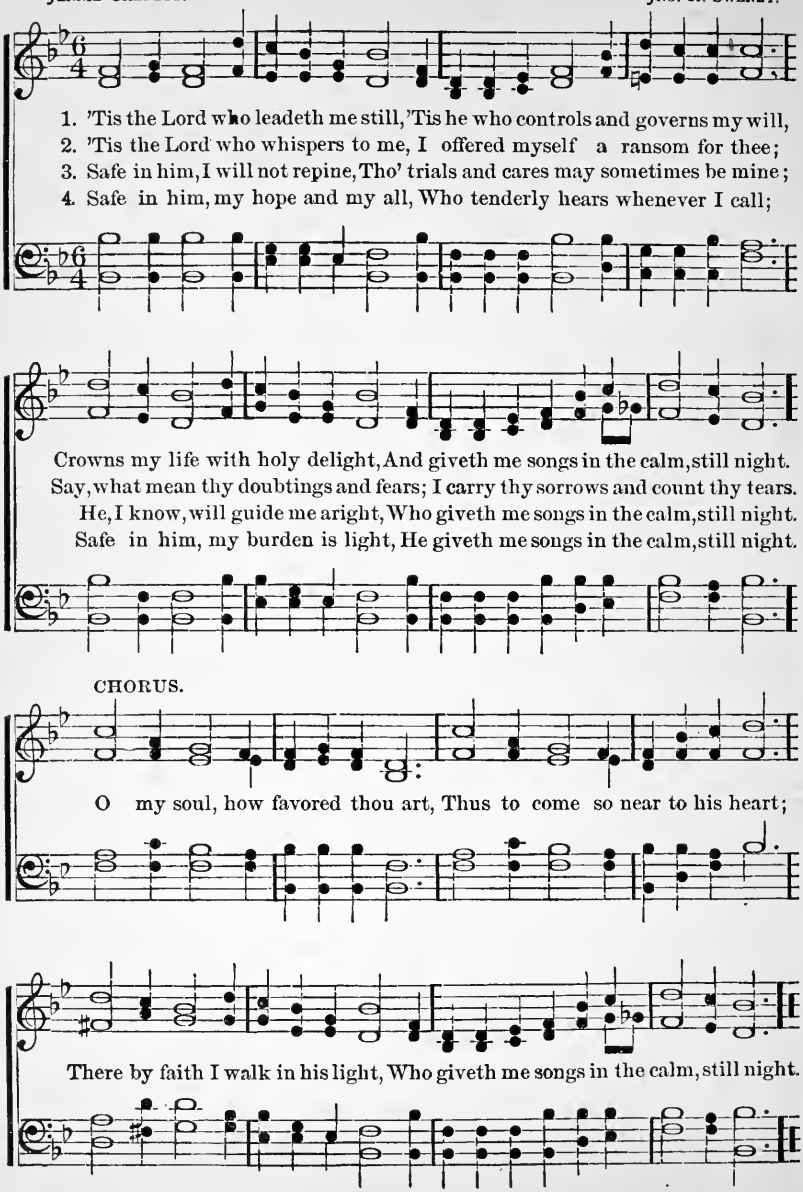
Songs in the calm, still Night.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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In the Hush of Early Morning.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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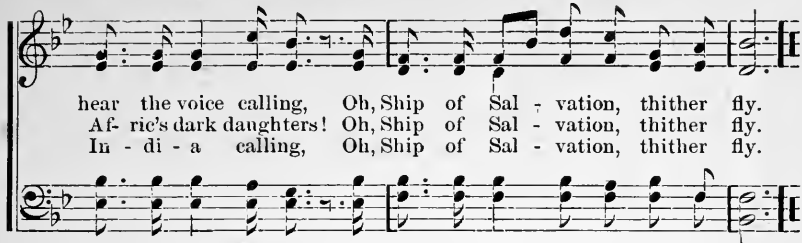
Ship of Zion.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Rev. D. Sullins, D. D.



Cling to the Mighty One.

L. L. Pickett.

The Clear Light of Heaven.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

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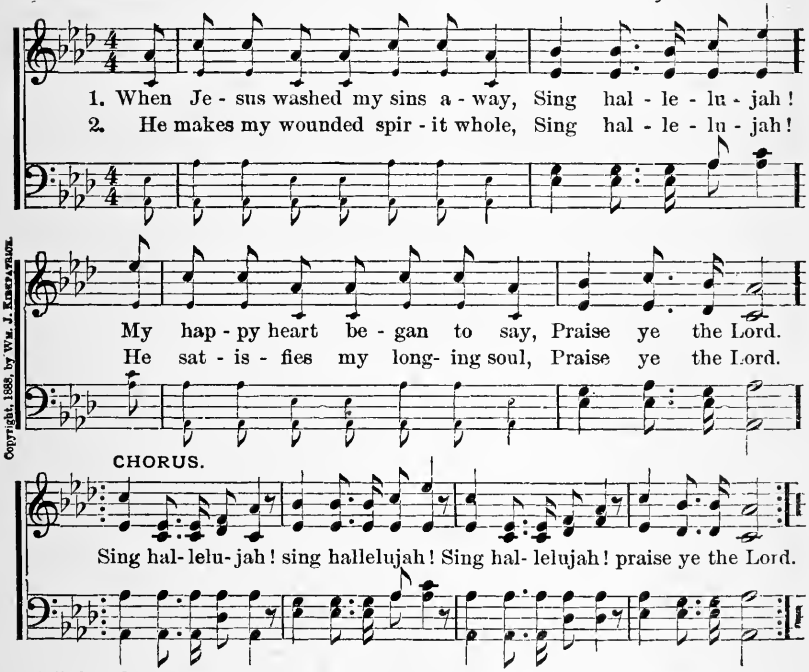
Sing Hallelujah.

G. E LOVELIGHT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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3 I find him present everywhere,
Sing hallelujah!
I cast on him my every care,
Praise ye the Lord.

4 He keeps me safely by his side,
Sing hallelujah!
I take him as my guard and guide,
Praise ye the Lord.

5 No other good do I possess,
Sing hallelujah!
He is my constant happiness,
Praise ye the Lord.

6 And thus I journey day by day,
Sing hallelujah!
Rejoicing on my heavenward way,
Praise ye the Lord.

One by One.

Adapted from Mrs. Lydia Baxter. T. E. Perkins.

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The Scarlet Line.

Rev. John O. Foster, B. D. Jno. R. Sweney.

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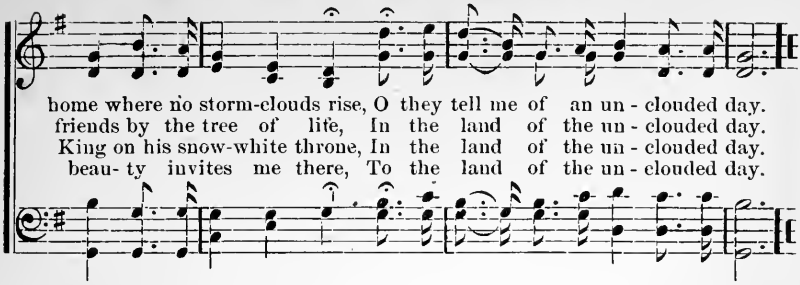
The Unclouded Day.

(May be used as a Solo.)

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood. Harmony by J. F. Kinsey.

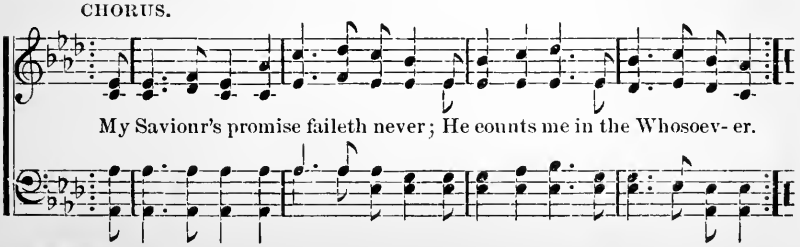
By per. of The Echo Music Co.



Whosoever.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

CHORUS.



From "Gems of Praise," by per.

I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO R. SWENEY.

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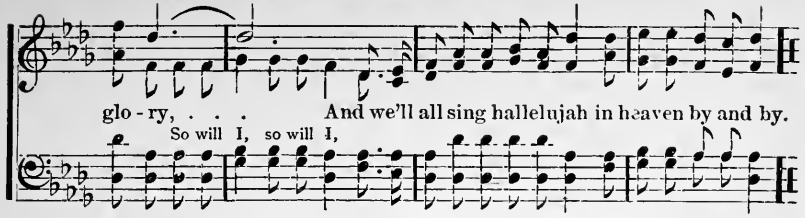

Have You Something Good to Tell.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too slow.

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The Whole Wide World.

Rev. J. Demster Hammond — Wm. J Kirkpatrick.

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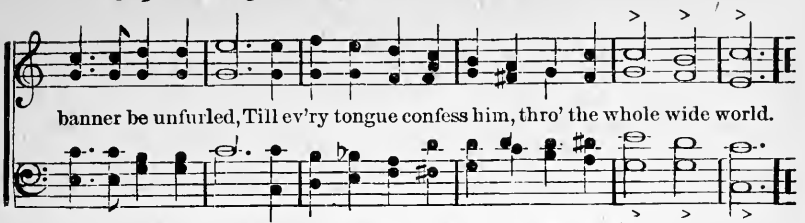

Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words, "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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The Beautiful Land.

H. E. Engle.

From "Temple Star," by per. of A. S. Kieffer.

Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. L. L. Pickett, alt.

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Another Year.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. L. L. PICKETT, alt.

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There's a Blessing for Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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The Beautiful Light.

R. Kelso Carter. Jno R. Sweney.

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The Precious Love of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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More about Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Swenby

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Wondrous Glory.

SALLIE M. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY

Copyright, 1885, by Jno. R. Sweney.

Mrs. M A W. Cooke. L. L. Pickett.

Words of Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

John iii. 36.

5 He that believeth | on the Son, :‖
Hath everlasting | life.

Is. xlv. 22.

6 Look unto me, and | be ye saved, :‖
All the ends of the | earth.

Matt. v. 8.

7 Blessed are the | pure in heart, :‖
For | they shall see | God.

Matt v. 12.

8 Re- | joice and be ex- | ceeding glad, :‖
For | great is your reward in | heaven.

John xiv. 18.

9 I | will not leave you | comfortless, ‖
I will come unto | you.

John vii. 37.

10 If | any man thirst let him | come unto
And drink of the water of | life. [me, :‖

Mark. x. 14.

11 Suffer little children to | come unto
me, :‖ [heaven.
For of | such is the kingdom of |

John xiv. 2.

12 I | go to prepare a | place for you, ‖
In my Fathers' house.

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No Night Over There.

L. L. Pickett.

Slowly and expressive.

A Perfect Salvation.

ANNA C. STOREY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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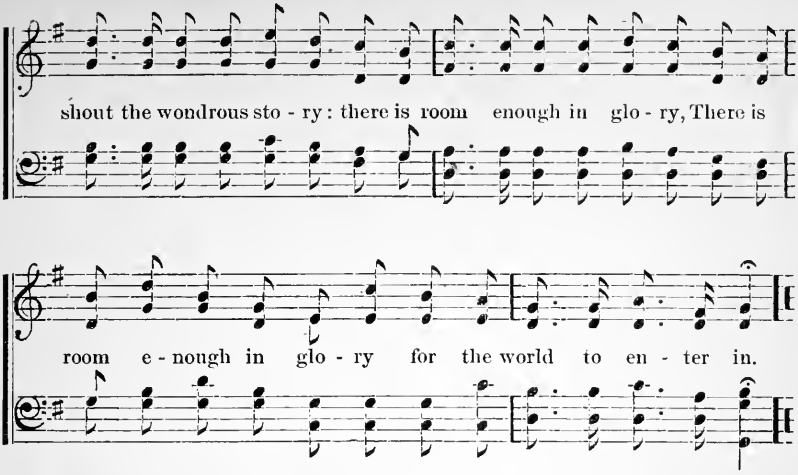
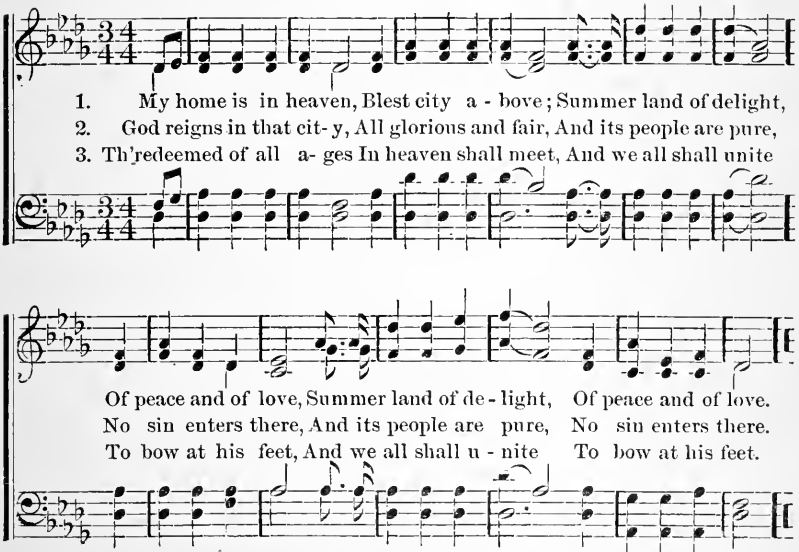


My Home is in Heaven.

L. L. P. L. L. Pickett.



4 Who made an atonement,
And died on the tree
‖: To purchase salvation
For sinners like me. :‖

5 Ah! then I shall praise him,
My Saviour and God,
‖: Who bought my soul's pardon
With his precious blood. :‖

Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per.

Come, ye Blessed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

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Meet in the Morning.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Where the hills are blooming on the other shore,
We'll meet each other in the morning!
Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

5 In the boundless rapture of a Saviour's love
We'll meet each other in the morning;
Then we'll sing his glory in the realms above,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

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The City of Light.

A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer. By per.

3 Sister dear, never fear,—for the Saviour is near,
With his hand he will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine;
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here;
Let us count all things else but as loss.

It Just Suits Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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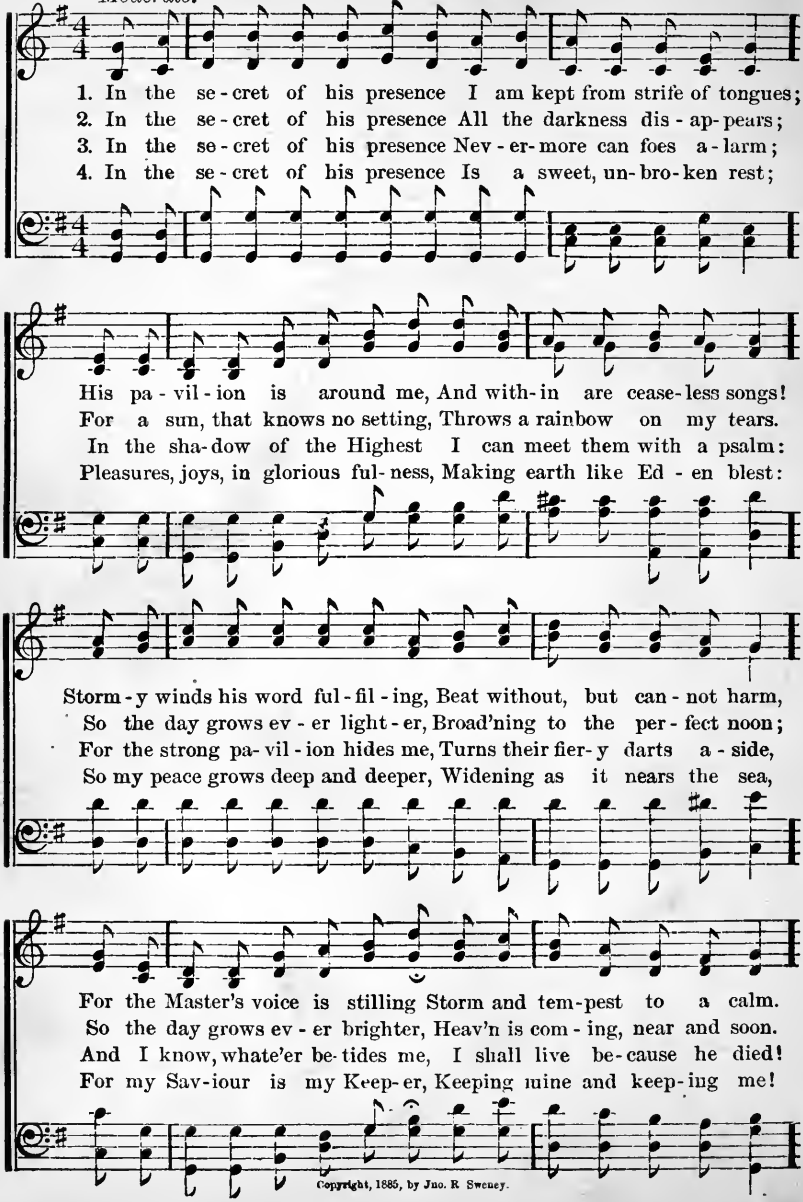
In the Secret of His Presence.

Rev. Henry Burton, M. A. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.



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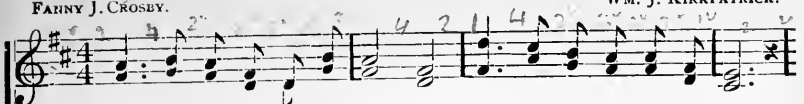
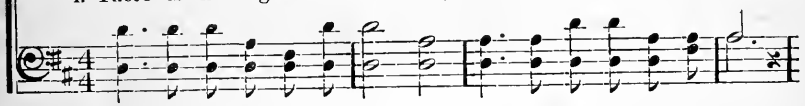
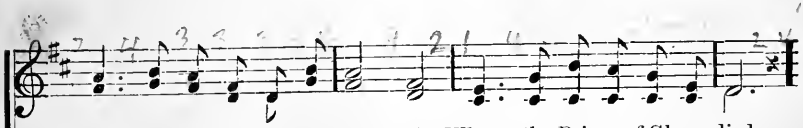
Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

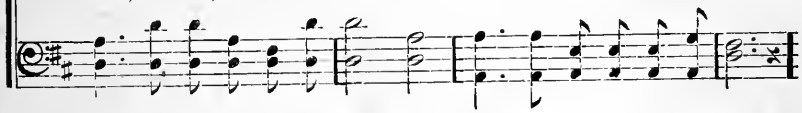


1. There is healing at the fount - ain, Come, behold the crimson tide,
2. There is healing at the fount - ain, Come and find it, wea - ry soul,
3. There is healing at the fount - ain, Look to Je - sus now and live,
4. There is healing at the fount - ain, Precious fountain filled with blood,

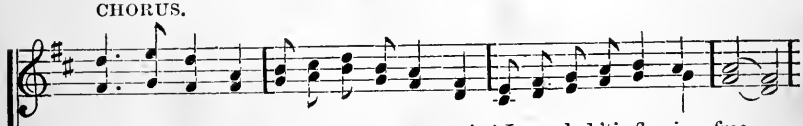




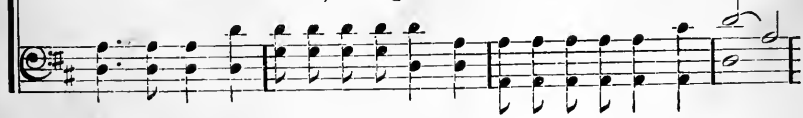
Flowing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glory died.
There your sins may all be cov - ered; Je - sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur - den; All your wanderings he'll forgive,
Come, O come, the Saviour calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.

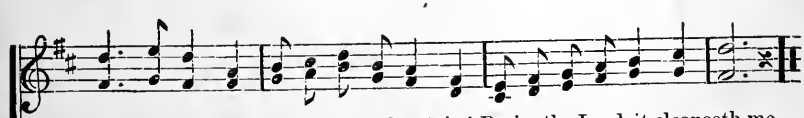


CHORUS.

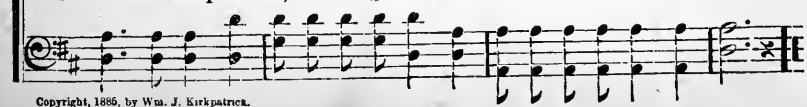


O the fountain! blessed, healing fountain! I am glad 'tis flowing free,





O the fountain! precious, cleansing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



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The Lord is Rich in Mercy.

E. A. Barnes. "Great are thy tender mercies, O Lord."—Ps. cxix. 156. Jno. R. Sweney.

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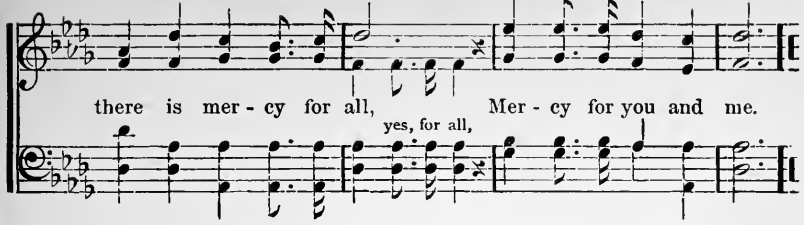
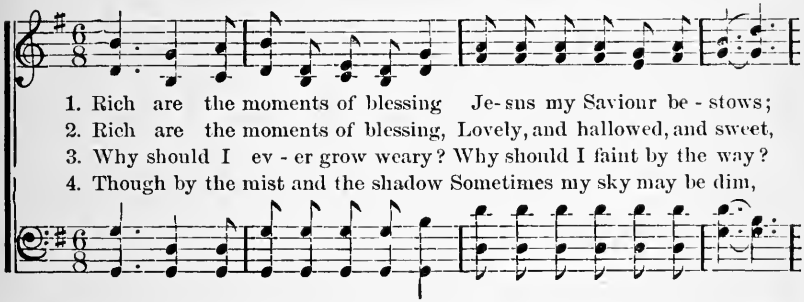
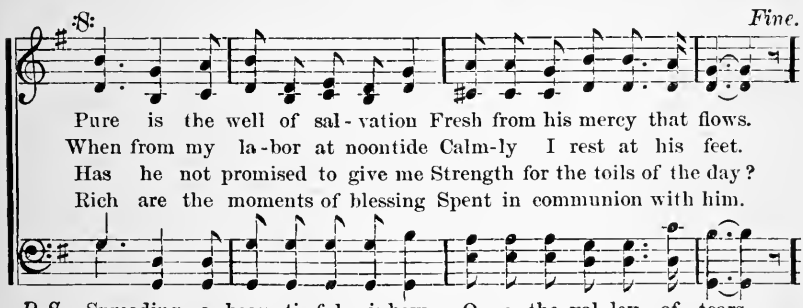


Moments of Blessing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.





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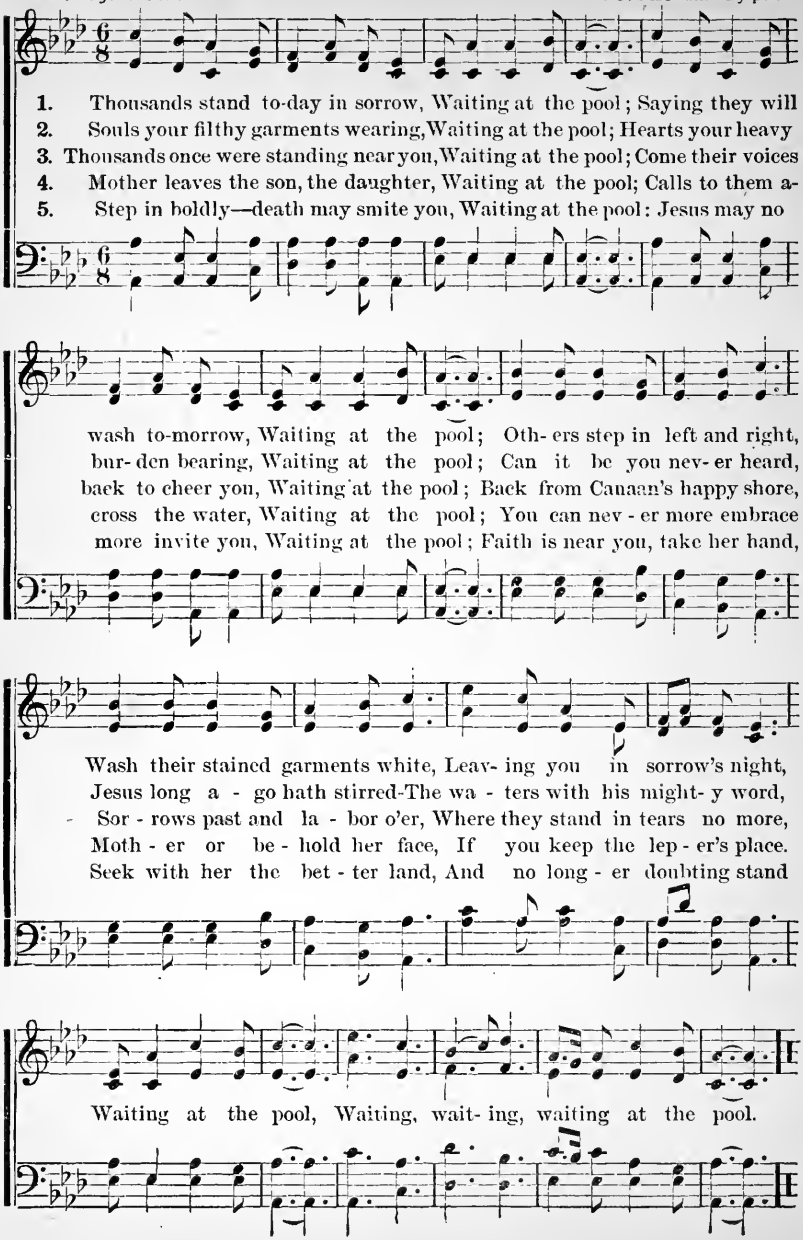
Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. Hough. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.



Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per.

"Overcomers."

W. J. K.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

QUESTION.

1 John v. 5. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that o - ver-

Rev. iii. 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that over-

Rev. ii. 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that o - ver-

Rev. iii. 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that o - ver-

RESPONSE.

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is born of God,

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in rai - ment white,

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the tree of life,

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the tem-ple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.

He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.

He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood

He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

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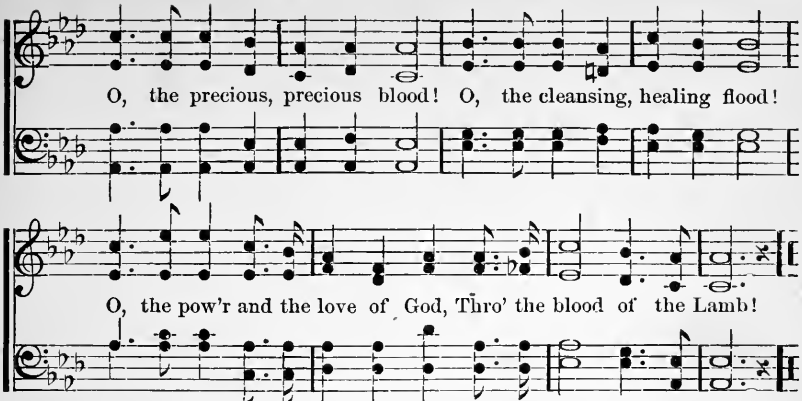

Rev. iii. 5.

5 ‖: What shall he hear?:‖ that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
‖: He shall hear his name con-| fessed in
heaven, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. xxi. 7.

6 ‖: What shall he have?:‖ that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
‖: God will give him all things, and| make him his son, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. iii 21.

7 ‖: Where shall he sit?:‖ that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
‖: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his throne, :‖
That overcomes by the blood.

1 John v. 4.

8 ‖: What is the victory?:‖ that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
‖: Faith is the victory that | overcometh, ‖:
By the blood of the Lamb.

129 All the way long it is Jesus.

2 But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way.

3 This note above the rest shall swell,
That Jesus doeth all things well.

At the Beautiful Gate.

Rev. J. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

2.

How sadly I'd feel in the heavenly state,
If sadness in heaven can be.
If nó one should be at the beautiful gate,
Conducted to glory by me.

3.

O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and grace,
In winning lost souls unto thee.
That many may be in that beautiful place,
A crown of rejoicing to me.

He is My Portion Forever.

LIZZIE EDWARDS JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Marching On to Victory.

NATHAN DUN, B.D. TEMPERANCE SONG. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

4 We soon shall join the glad refrain:
"The land we love at last is free!
Hosanna! swell the joyful strain!"
We're marching on to victory!

5 The crowning work will soon be done:
God speed the coming jubilee!
Behold, the day is almost won!
We're marching on to victory!

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Home to Mother in Heaven.

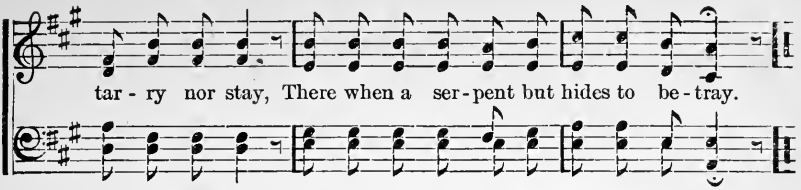
A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer. By per.

4 O father, dear father, once more
Of Jesus I pray you to think;
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
O father, please give up your drink.

5 O father, dear father, once more
Please read in my Bible, and think:
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven,"
O God, keep my father from drink!

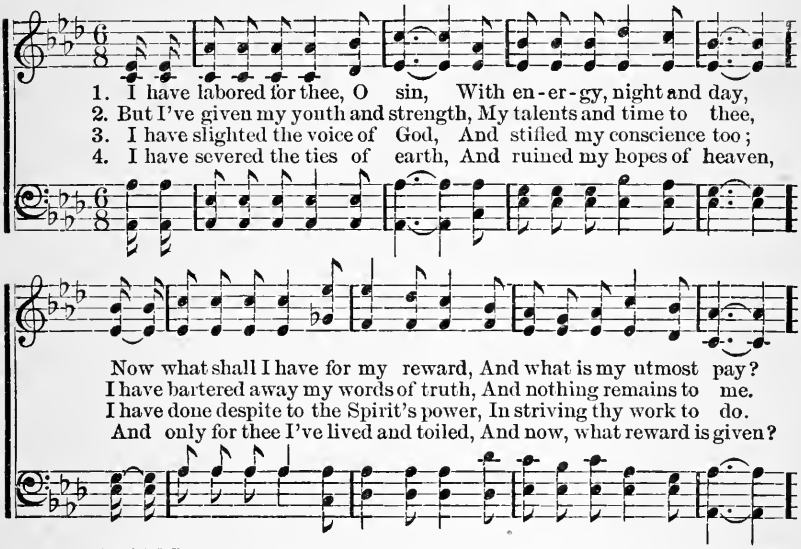
Touch Not, nor Taste.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh. By per.



The Wages of Sin.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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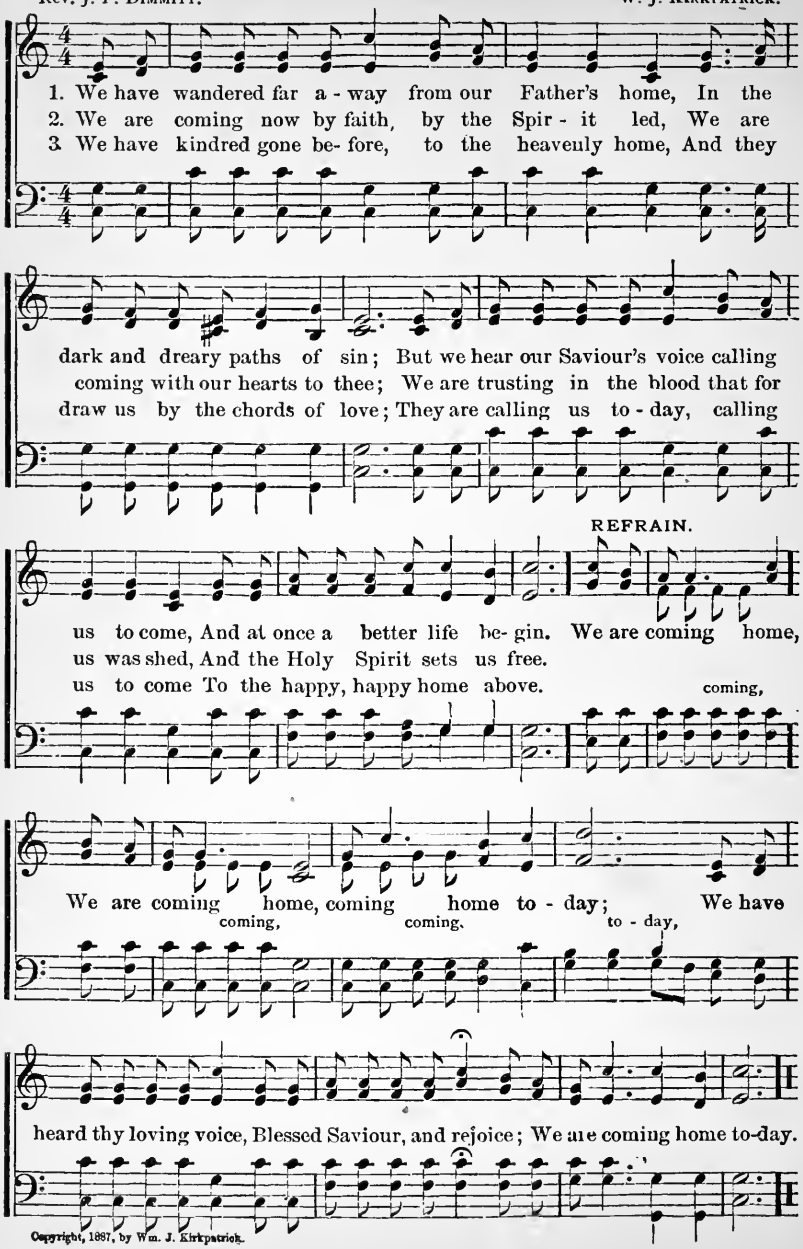
136

Coming Home.

Rev. J. P. Dimmitt. W. J. Kirkpatrick.



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He's Mighty to Save.

E. E. Hewitt. Isaiah lxiii. 1. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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138 No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through.

A London gateway is inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass through." The same words are inscribed in living light over the gate into the "Highway of Holiness."—Rev. E. I. D. PEPPER.

ABBIE MILLS. Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2. DR. H L. GILMOUR.

D. S.—Leave all at the cross, there by Calvary's tree, No burdens allowed to pass thro'

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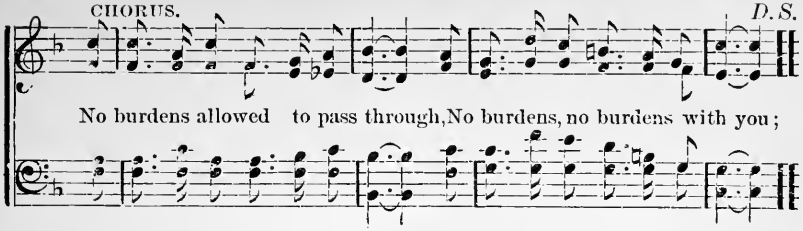
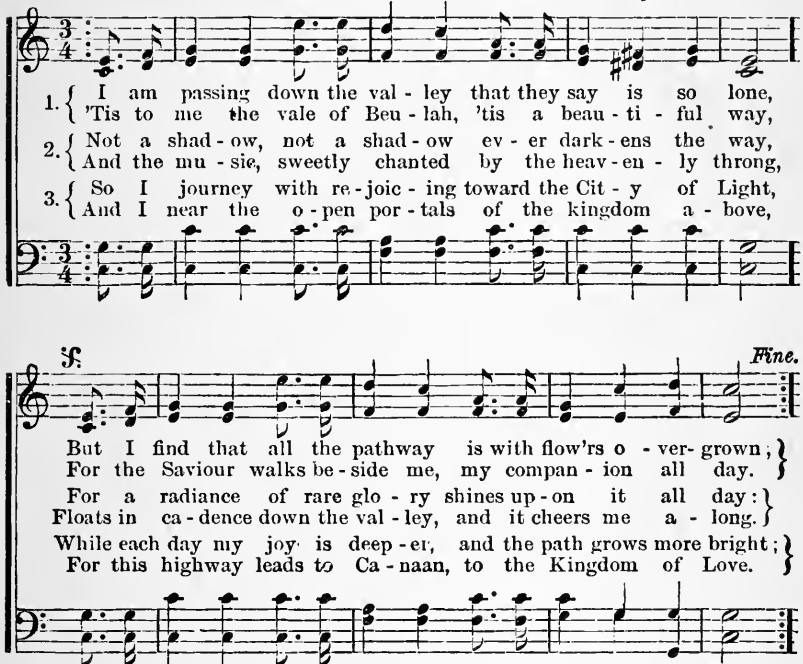
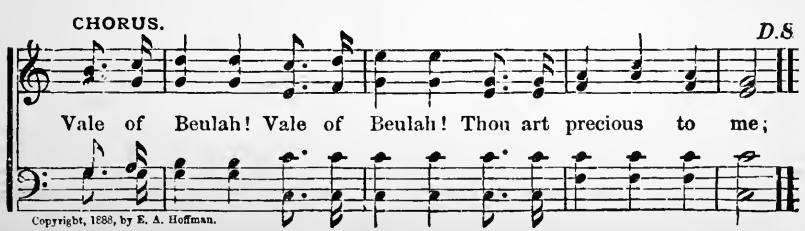


Vale of Beulah.

E. A. Hoffman. Joseph Garrison





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Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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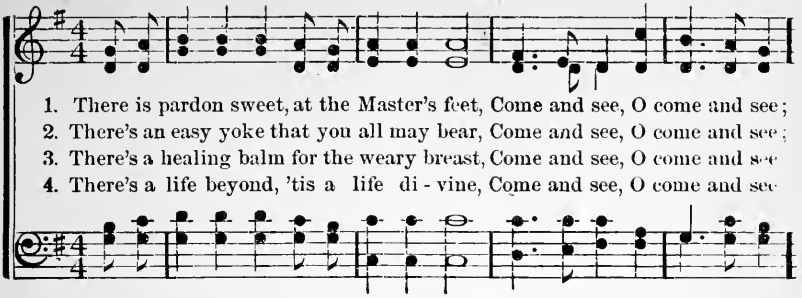
Come and See. 141

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT. JNO. R. SWENEY



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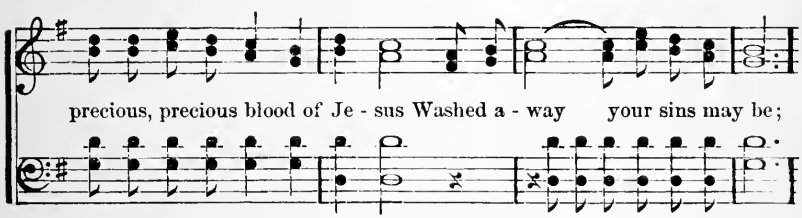

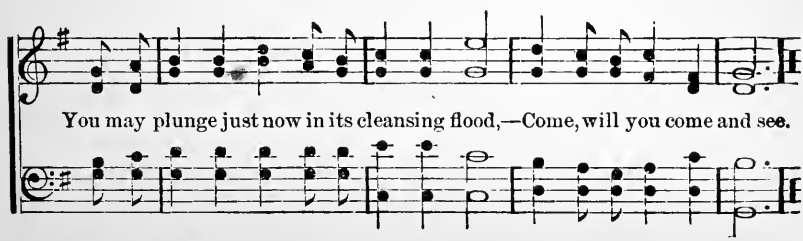

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I Have Come to the Fountain.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.

Rev. Wm M. Carr. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

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Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B. P. BILHORN.

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Ring Out the Hallelujahs.

Miss Emma M. Johnston. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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Jesus is Good to Me. 145

Rev. E. H. Stokes. D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.

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Only Believe.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. Mark v. 36. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

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My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"London Hymn Book." "Mine are thine and thine are mine." John xvii. 10. A. J. Gordon. By per.

Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."
1 Peter v. 7.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weakness?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavor;
He will keep thee by his might.

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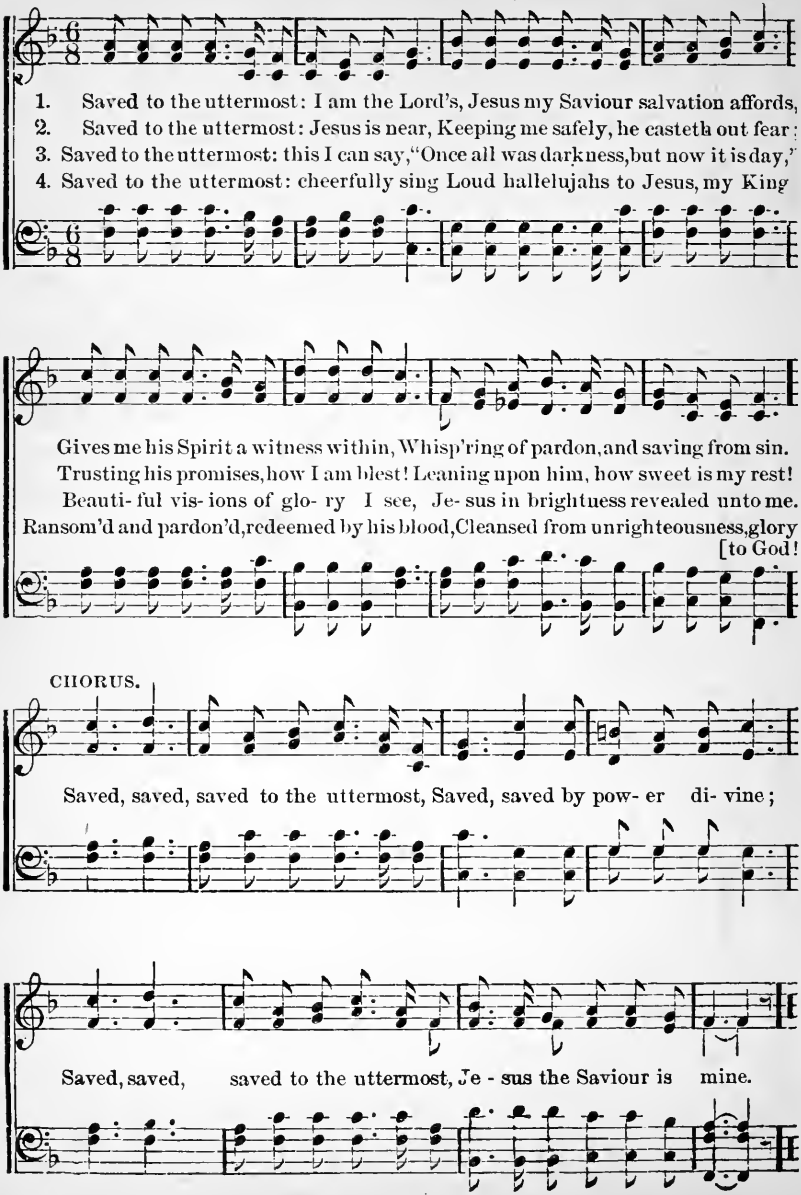
Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



From "Precious Songs," by per.

God be with You. 151

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."
Rom. xvi. 20.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1 Peter ii. 7. W. A. Williams.

Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call,
For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

By permission

Delay Not to Come.

E. A. Hoffman. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

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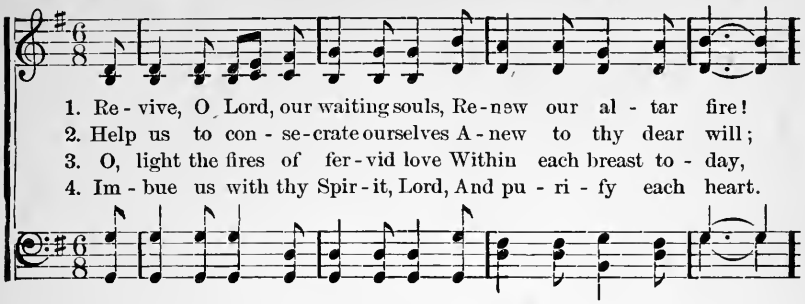
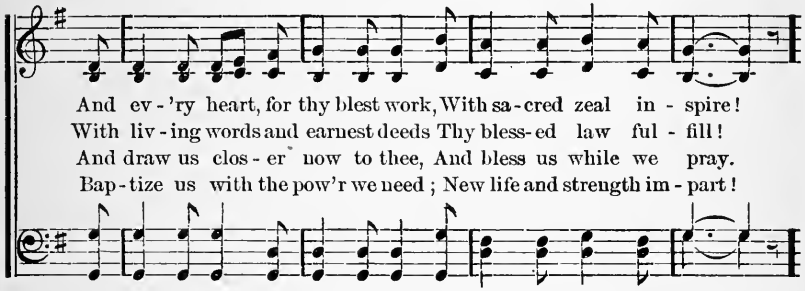
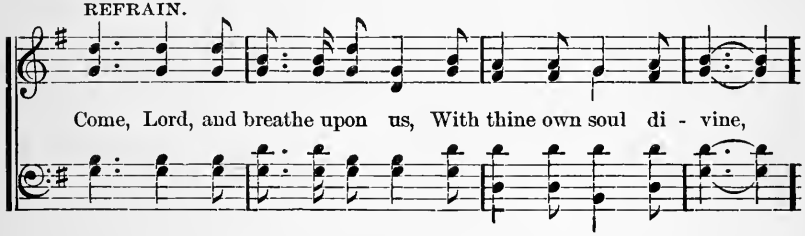
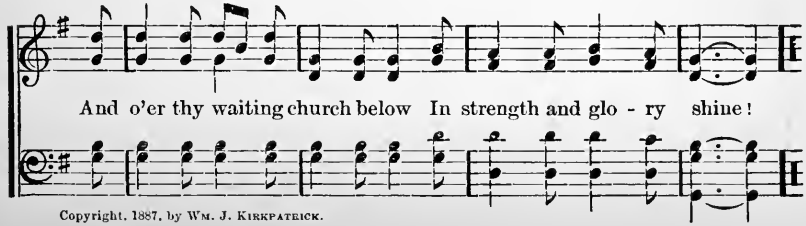
Breathe upon Us.

Mrs. R. N. Turner, Alt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.









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Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the

enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines, For the
beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a
Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no

blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
fel - lowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - ermore is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - tiful robes, . . Beau - - tiful robes, . .
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - - ti- ful robes we then shall wear, . .
Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

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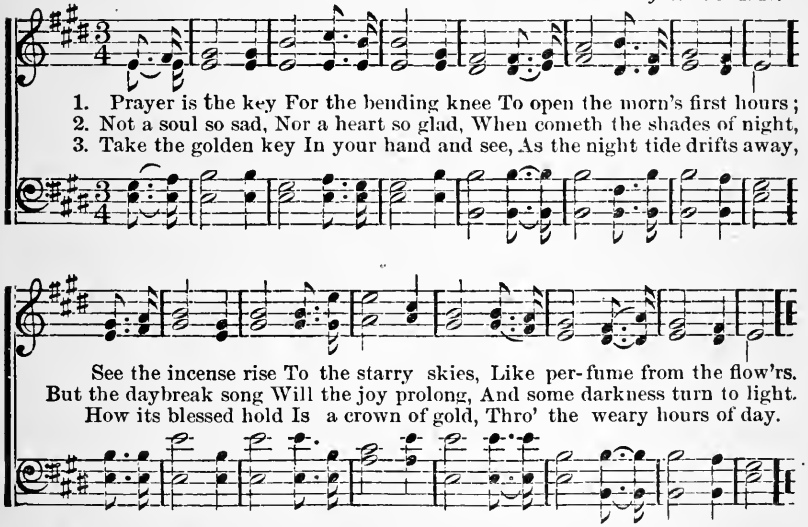
The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.



4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

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The Haven of Rest.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

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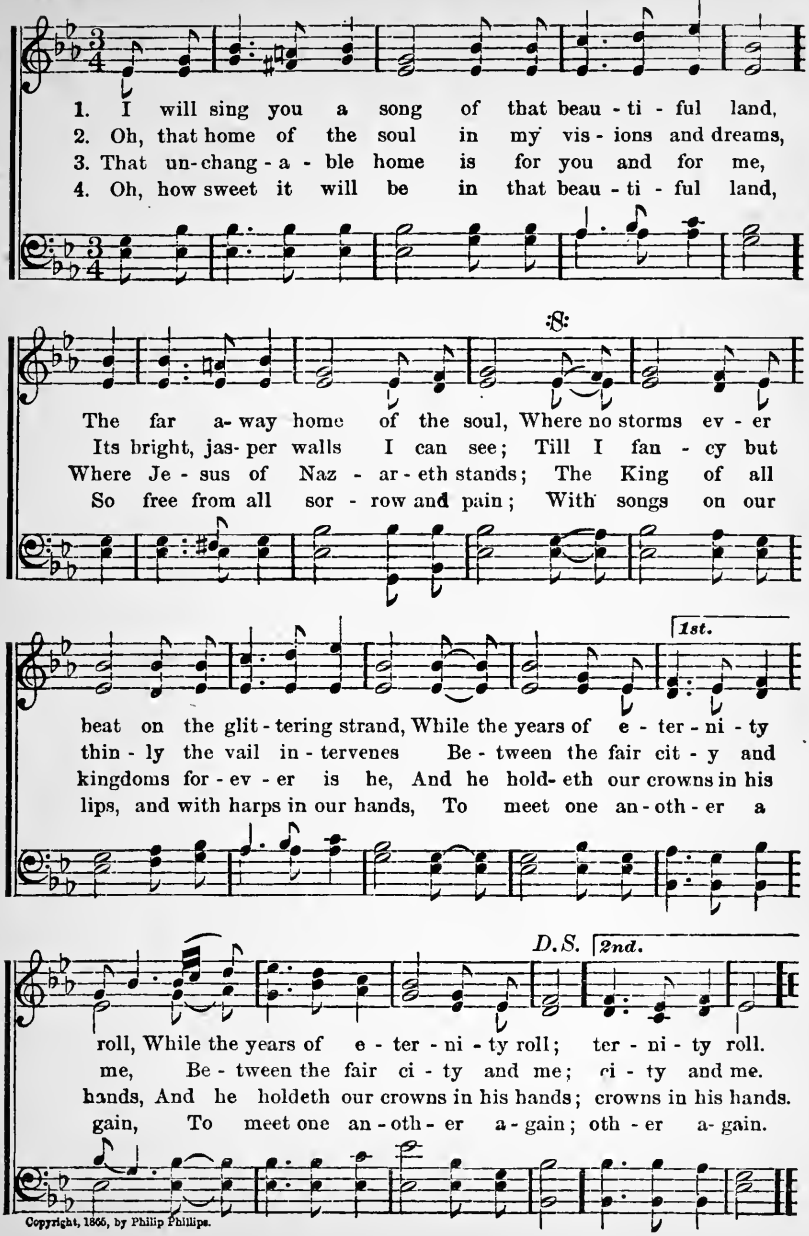
Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips. By per.



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160 His Blood Washes Whiter than Snow.

JOSHUA GILL. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Jesus of Nazareth Died for Me.

Wm. H. Clark. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

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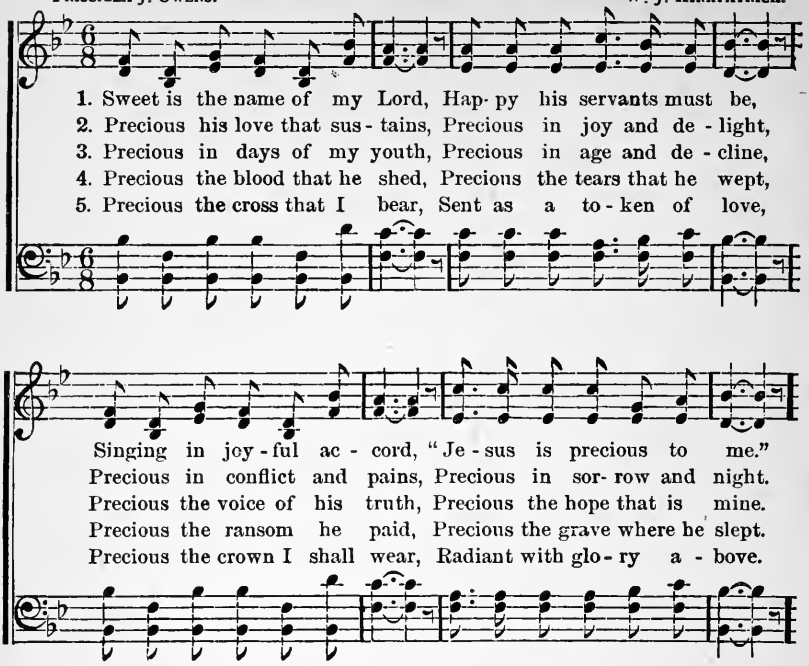
Jesus is Precious to Me

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1 Peter, ii. 7.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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Take hold, hold on. 163

Advice of an aged colored man to young converts, "Take hold, hold on, hold fast and never let go!"

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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164 Praise the Lord for His Love to Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. (Sing also "O how Happy are They.") WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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He Saves to the Uttermost.

CHAS. J. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," new words by Rev. W. A. Spencer.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

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Leaning on Jesus.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

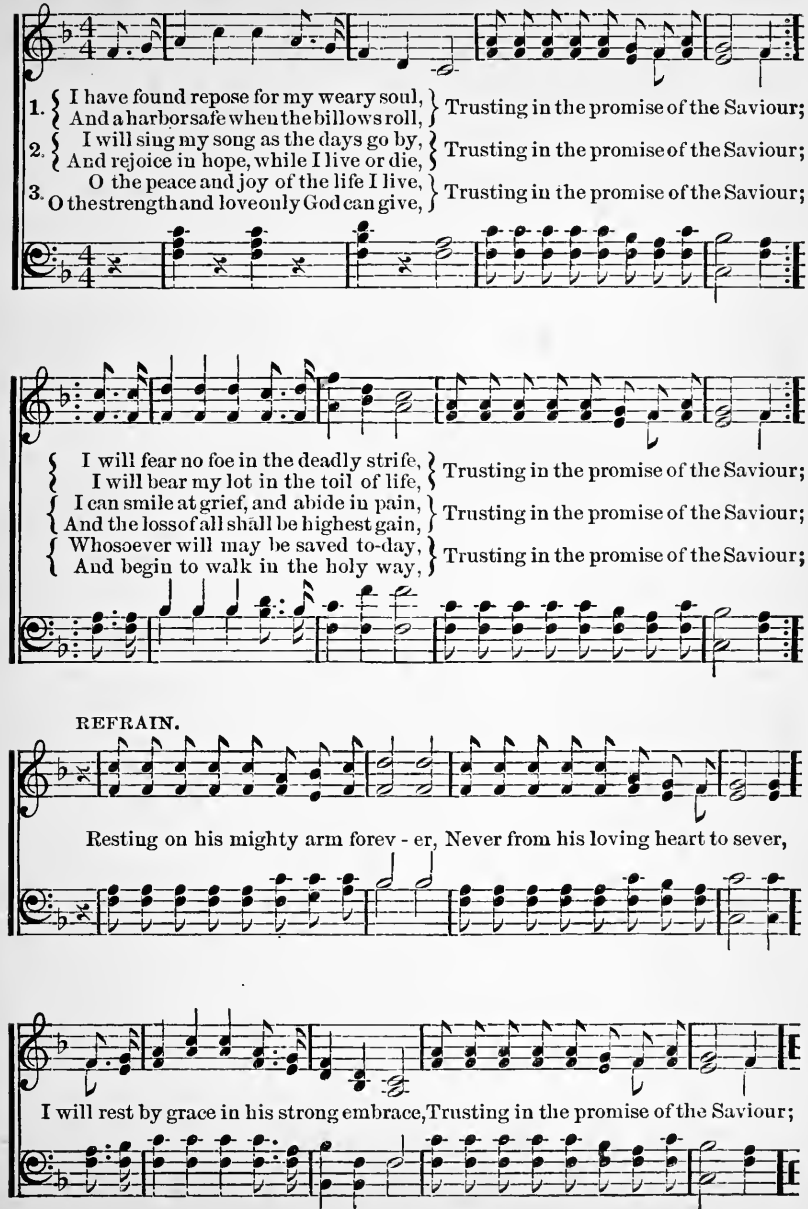
3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain,
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.

4 Leaning, I walk in "the way,"
Leaning, "the truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "life" I may go.

From "Leaflet Gems," by permission of John J. Hood.

Trusting in the Promise. 169

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. E. S. Lorenz.



From "Songs of Refreshing," by per.

Beautiful Christmas.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

D.C.

Fill it with cheer; Make it glo - ri - ous with joy and light.

I am Saved.

MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal-va - tion! glad salva - tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In - to thy great judgment one,

I have tast-ed God's salva - tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul forev - er Un - der thy pro-tect-ing eyes,
Un-til each dis-eased na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written In the re - cords of thy Son.

CHORUS.

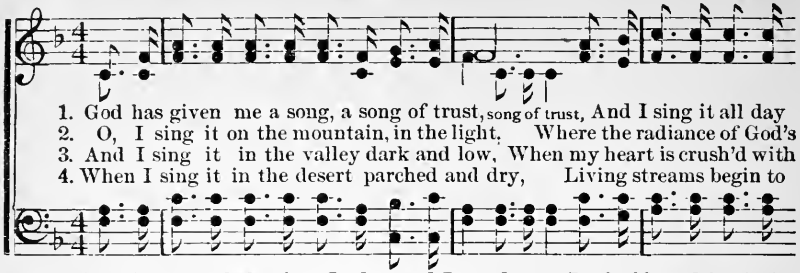
Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I re - joice sal - va - tion came;

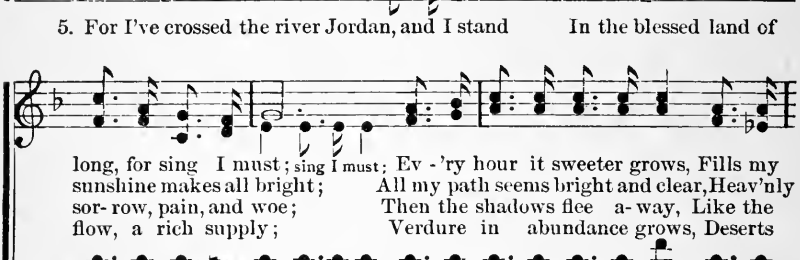
Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal-le-lu - jah! I am saved in Je - sus, name.

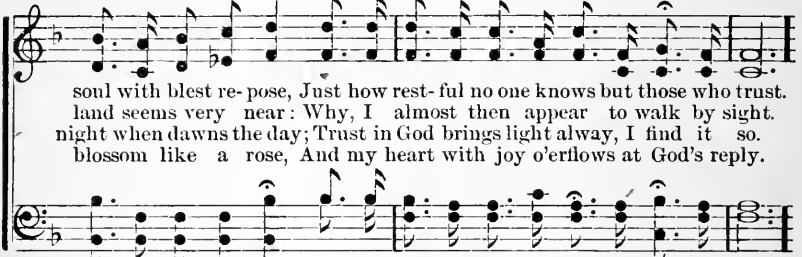
A Song of Trust.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." "And I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there."

"BEULAH." GRACE WEISER.







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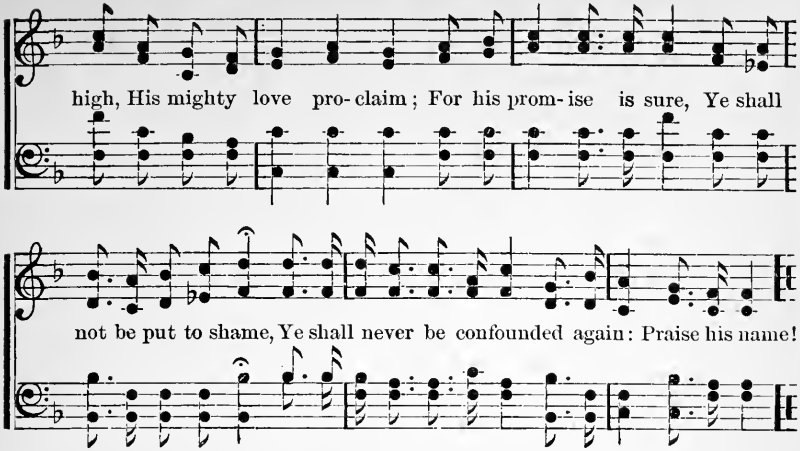
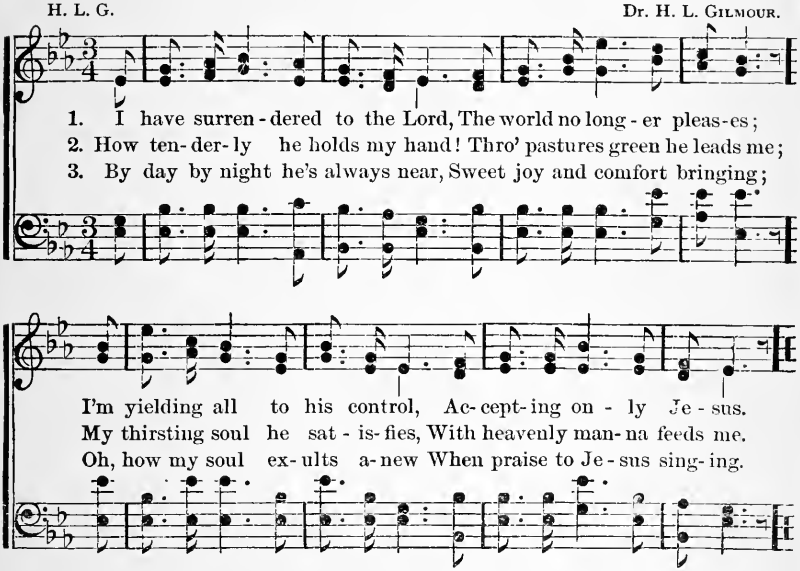


Surrendered.

H. L. G. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.



4 No noonday drought affects my soul,
In Jesus I'm confiding;
Oh, constant, sweet companionship,
With Christ in me abiding.

5 Oh, victory that's always sure!
Oh, blest emancipation!
Oh, vanquished tempter of my soul!
Oh, free and full salvation!

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Are You Drifting?

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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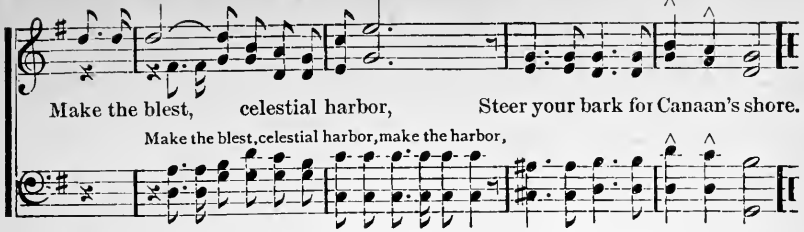

Give me Jesus.

Arr. by W. J. K.

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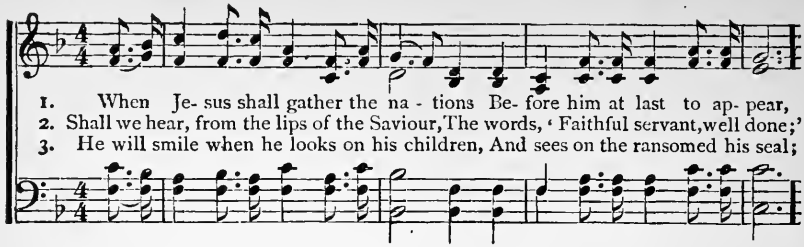
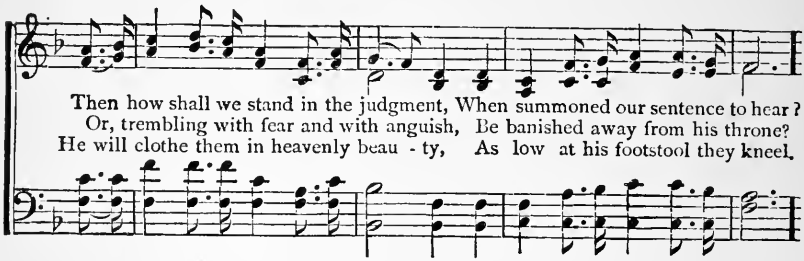
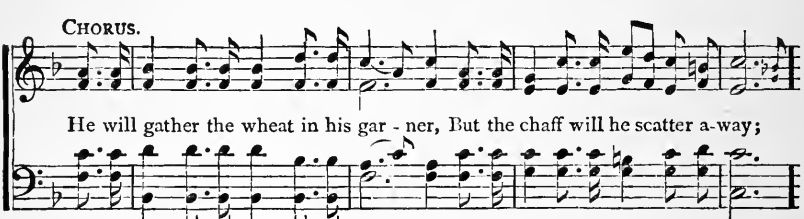
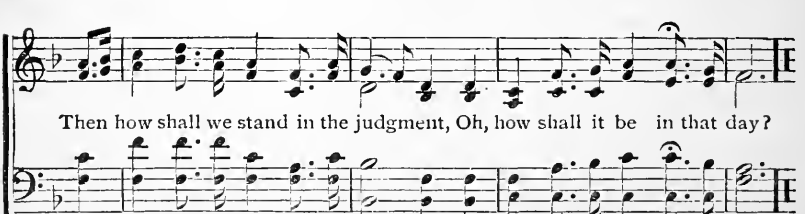
He will Gather the Wheat.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.









4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding
Our spirits made ready for flight.

5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus.
In patience we wait for the time,
When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
We'll bask in his presence divine

Jesus will Forgive.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

3. Lay your treasures up above:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
Trust the riches of his love:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

4. Earnestly a blessing seek:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
Trembling sinner, faint and weak,
Jesus will forgive you freely.

5. He is able all to save:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
For your love his blood he gave:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

6. Then, ye sinners, come to-day:
Jesus will forgive you freely.
All your sins he'll wash away:
Jesus will forgive you freely.

Beulah Land.

EDGAR PAGE. *"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."* JNO. R. SWENEY.

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

He Hideth my Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

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180 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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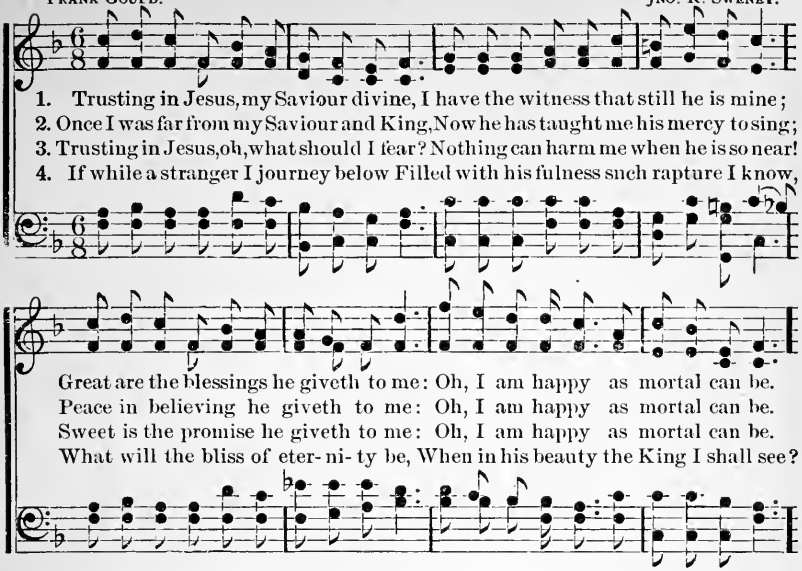
Trusting in Jesus.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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182 When the Mists have Cleared Away.

ANNIE HERBERT. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

know . . . . as we are known, . . . Nev - er
We shall know as we are known,
more . . . . to walk a - lone; . . . . In the
Nev - er more to walk a - lone;
dawn - ing of the morning, When the mists . . . have
In the dawning have clear'd away,
cleared a - way; In the dawn - - ing of the
In the dawn-ing
morn-ing, When the mists . . . . have clear'd a - way.
have clear'd away,

His Anger is Turned Away.

F. G. BURROUGHS. Psalm 30. 5. H. L. GILMOUR.

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Welcome for Me. 185

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

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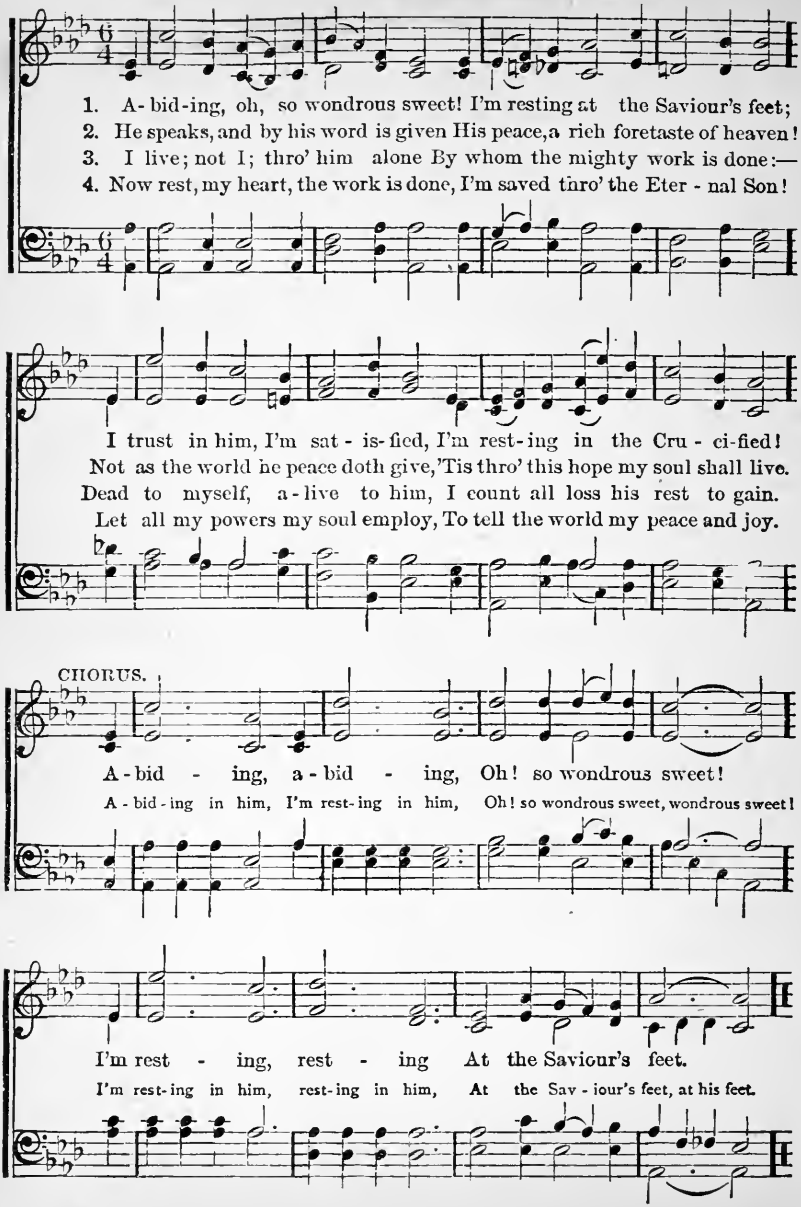
Abiding in Him.

CHAS. B. J. ROOT. Melody by D. C. WRIGHT, arranged



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Watch and Pray.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B. "And many women were there."—Matt. xxvii. 55. I. BALTZELL.

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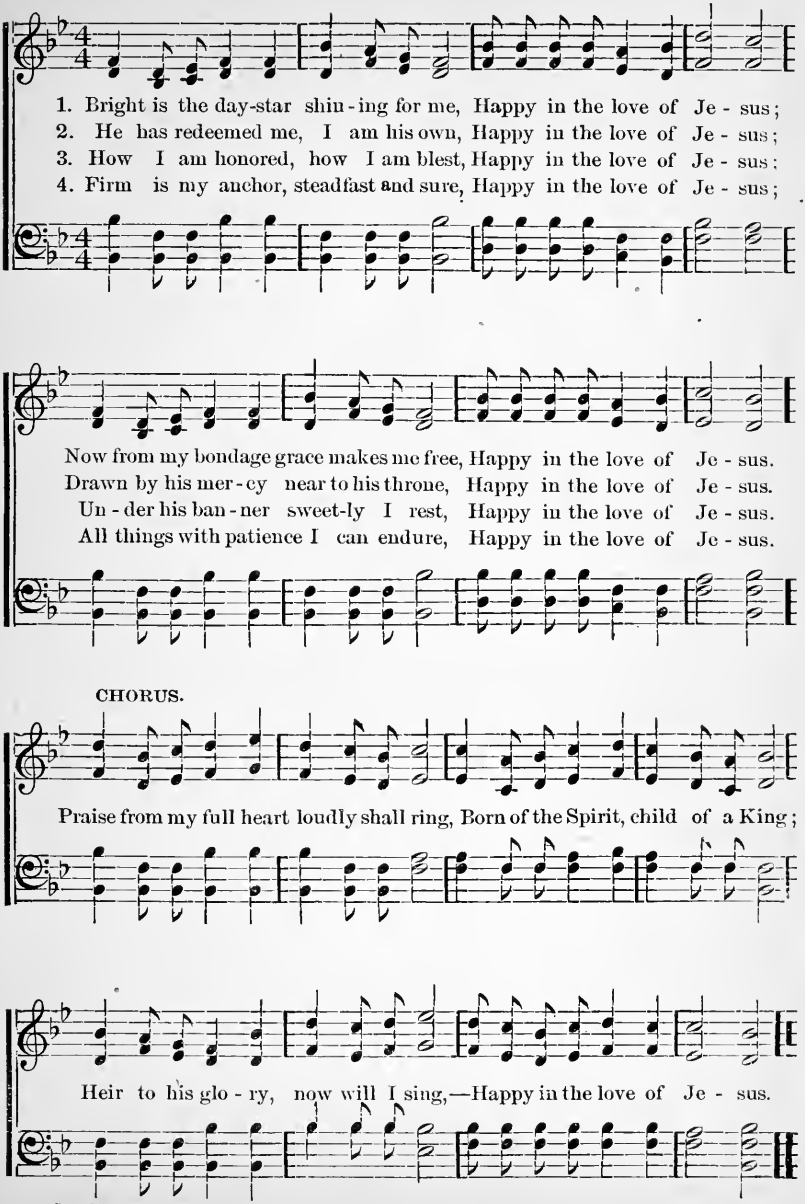
Happy in the Love of Jesus. 189

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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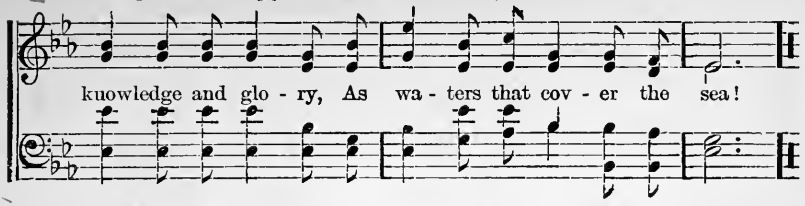
The Kingdom Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh. By per.



The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1 Cor. ii. 9. R. E. HUDSON. By per.

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A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

FANNY J CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Jesus, My Joy.

Mrs. J. F. Crewdson. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade;
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.

6 O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.

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Glory, He Saves!

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

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196 By the Grace of God we'll Meet.

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Faithful Guide.

M. M. Wells. By per.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

J. P. W.

From "Highway Songs," by per.

The Morning Draweth Nigh.

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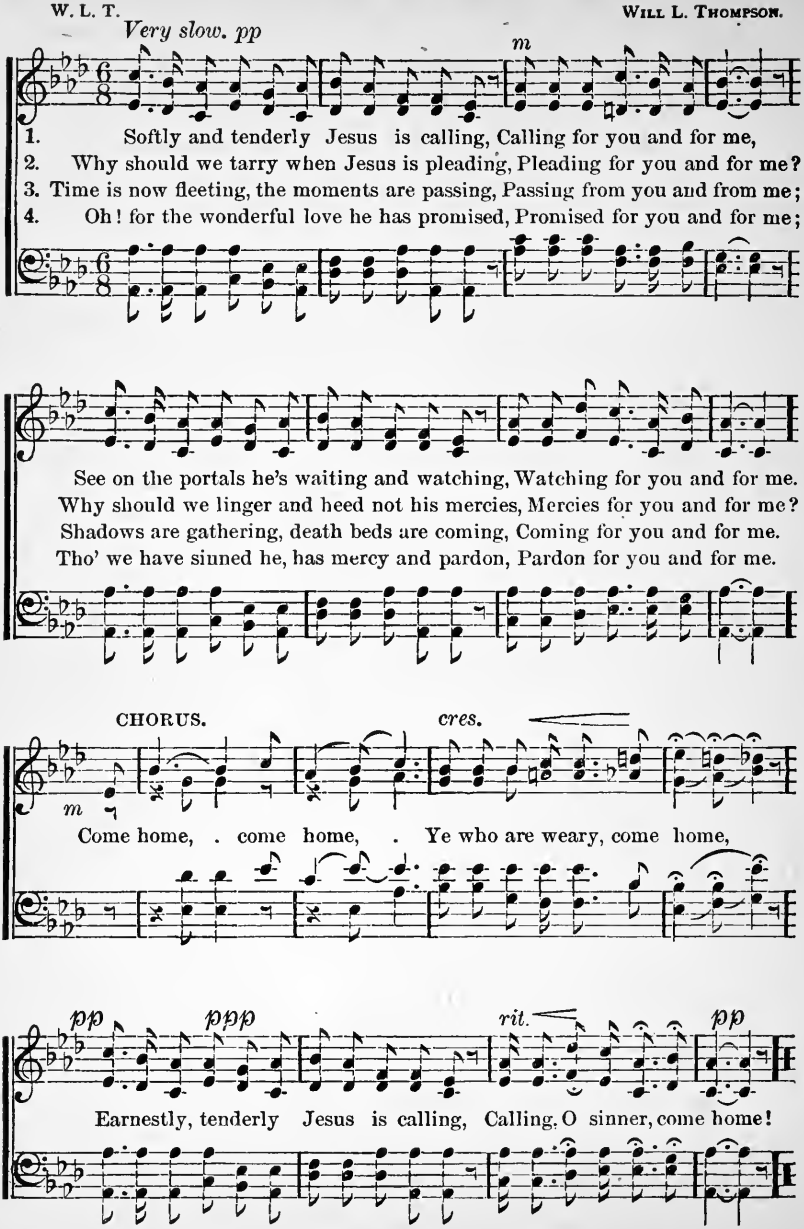
Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.



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Stay Not. 201

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Praise and Magnify our King.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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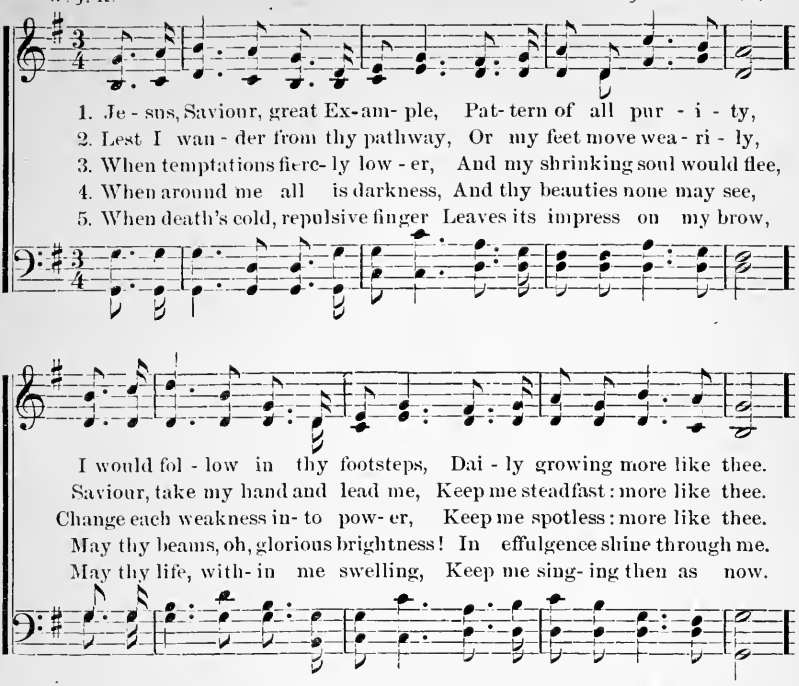
More Like Thee.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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Treasures in Heaven.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.

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Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Until Ye Find

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. Luke xv. Jno. R. Swenby.

Andante con espress.

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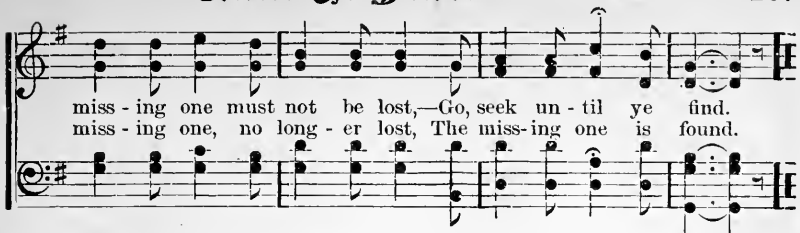


1 I've sought my friends for many-a day,
Have prayed for many-a year;
Yet, still they wander far away,
O'er mountains dark and drear;
How long thus seek with burdened mind?
"Seek," Jesus saith, "until ye find;"
The missing one must not be lost,—
"Go, seek until ye find!"

5 Lord, at thy word I go again,
Believing I shall find:
I listened, and a low refrain
Came to me on the wind;
Led by the sadly joyful sound
I rushed, and, lo, the lost was found!
Joy! joy! O blessed joy divine!
The lost one I have found.

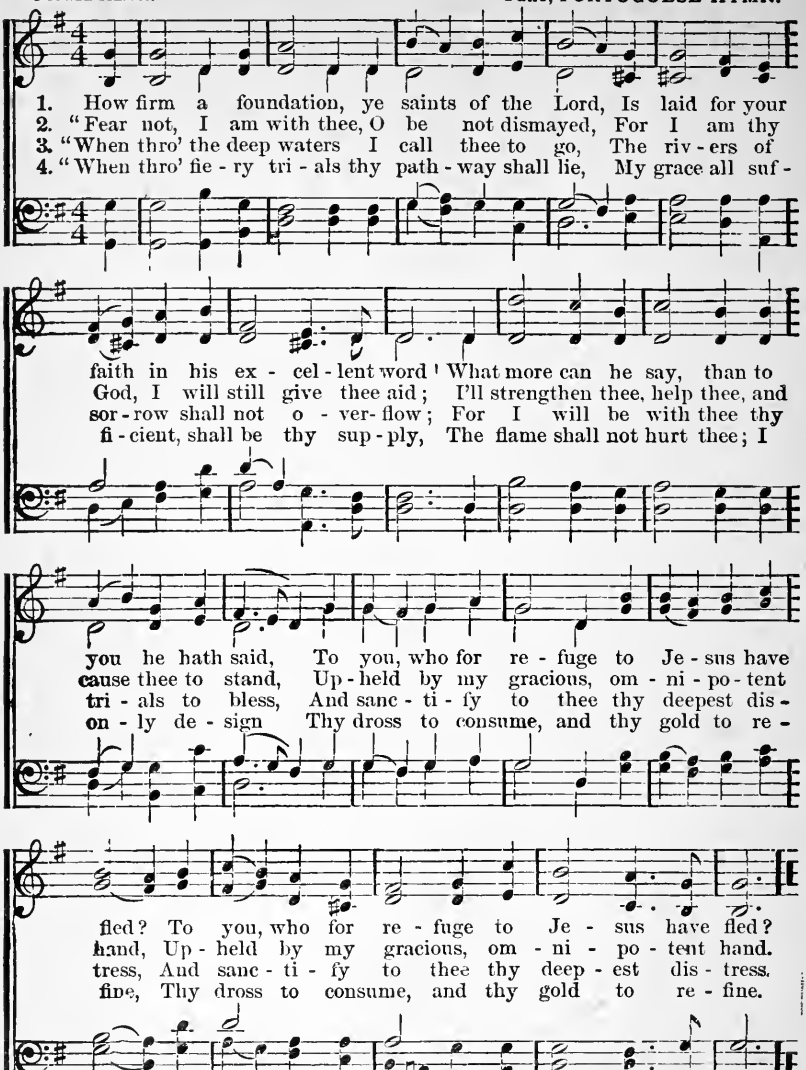
Consecration.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

From "Notes of Joy," by per

The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN.



5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Let the Blessed Saviour in. 209

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5. O why should he be waiting now?
Rise and let him in.
Thy Lord, with glory-circled brow,
Rise and let him in.

6. Beware, beware! undo the door;
Rise and let him in.
Lest he should leave thee evermore,
Rise and let him in.

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Ah! 'tis the Old, Old Story.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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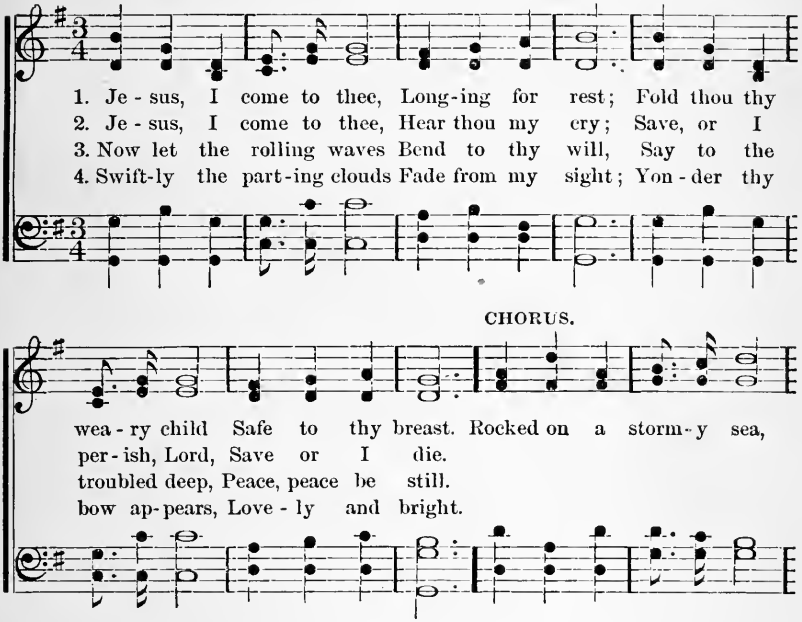
Jesus, I come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J KIRKPATRICK.



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Waiting for Me.

FRANK HENDRICKS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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O Rest, Sweet Rest.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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The Crimson Stream.

Rev. W. J. Stevenson. S. B. Ellenberger.

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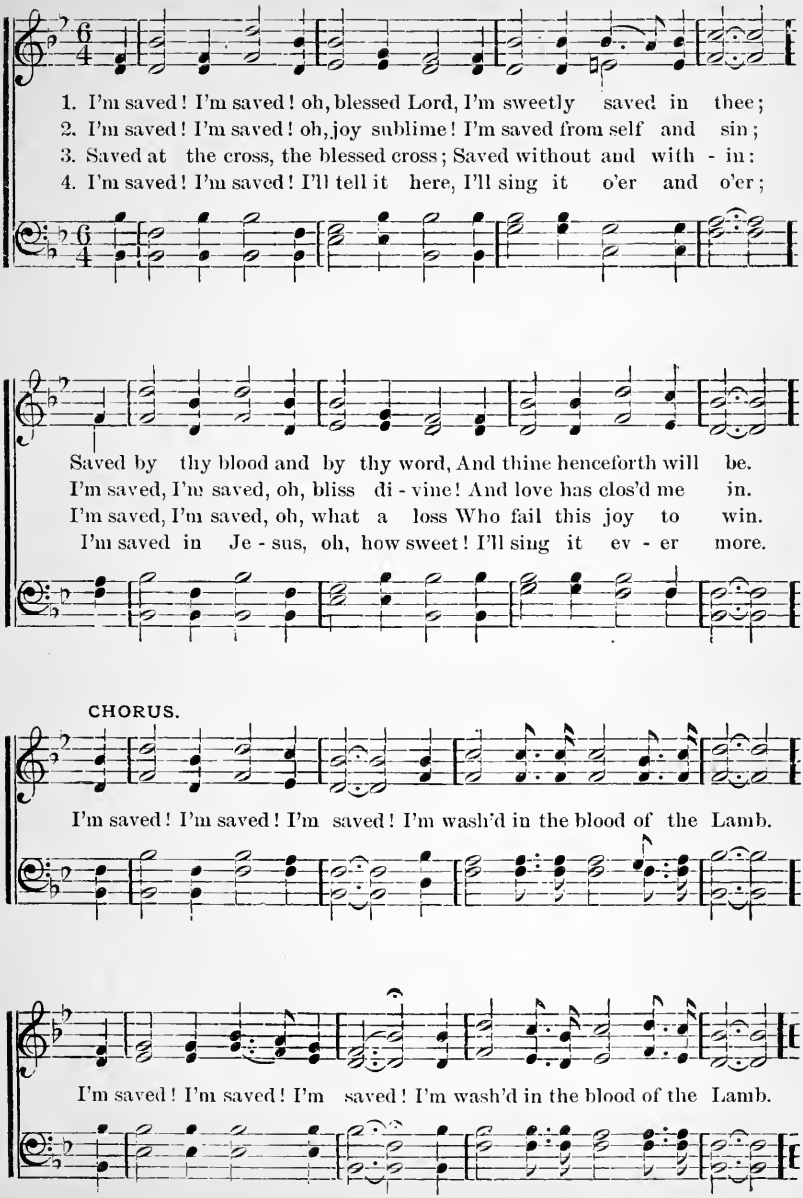
I'm Saved!

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D D. Jno. A. Duncan.



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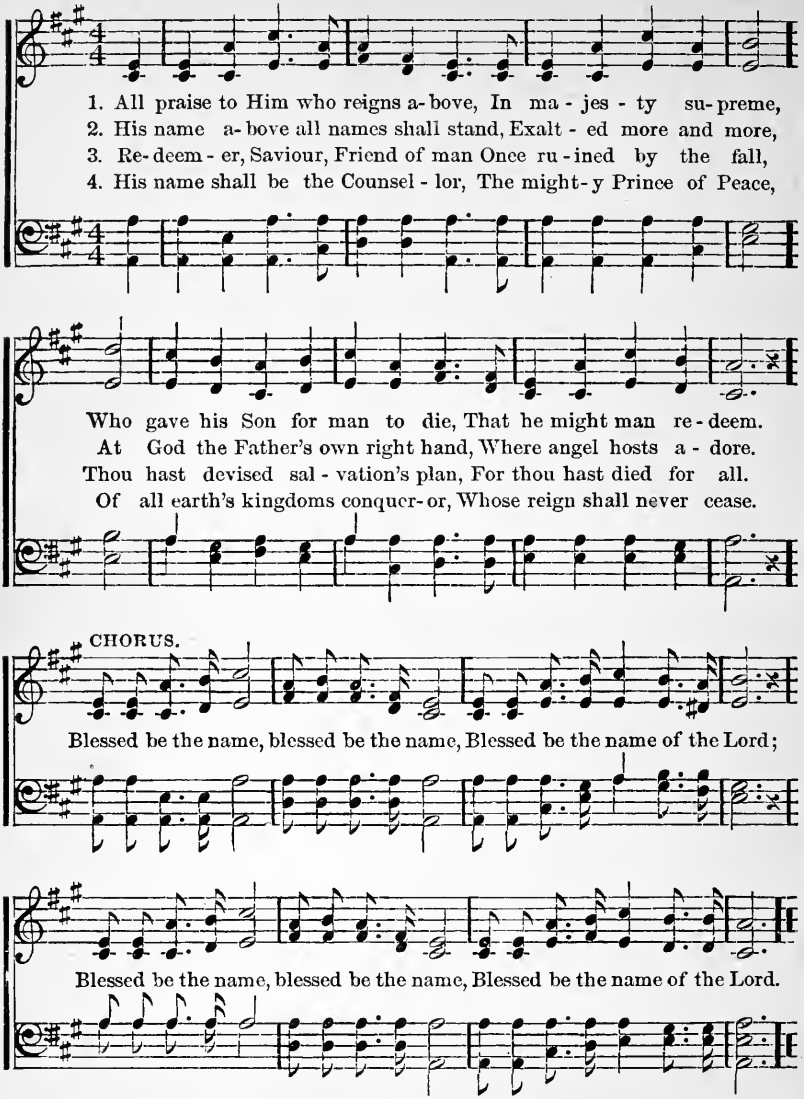
Blessed be the Name.

W. H. Clark. Arranged by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

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He has Come.

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"

Mrs. J. KNOWLES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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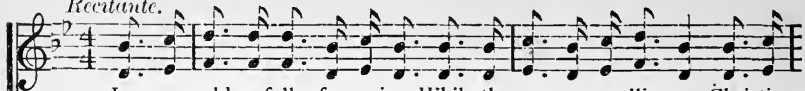
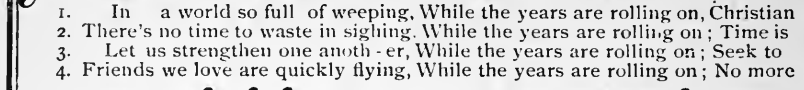
While the Years are Rolling on.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO R. SWENEY.

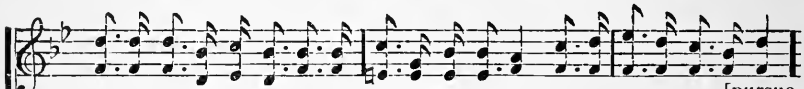
Recitante.

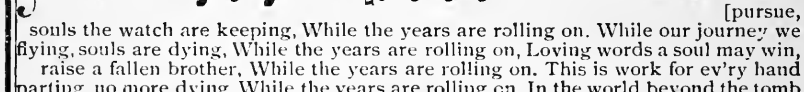


1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one anoth-er, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more

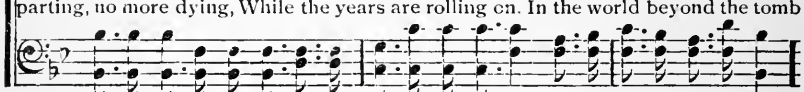


[pursue,
souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we
flying, souls are dying, While the years are rolling on, Loving words a soul may win,
raise a fallen brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev'ry hand
parting, no more dying, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb

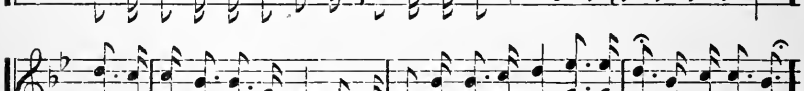




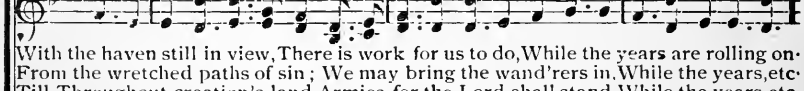
With the haven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years, etc.
Till, Throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years, etc.
Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years, etc.

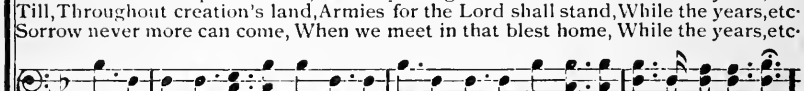


CHORUS

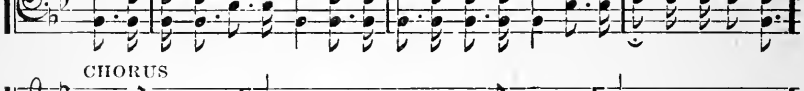


Are roll-ing on, are rolling on, Are roll-ing on, are rolling on,





Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.



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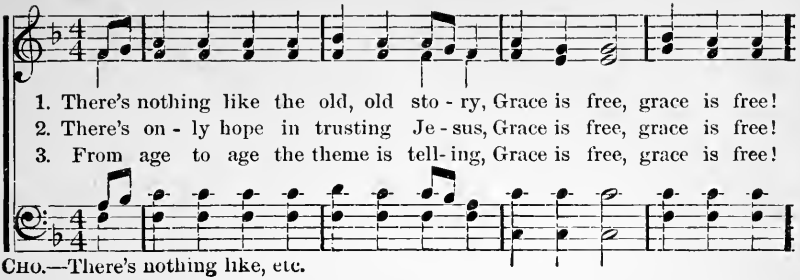
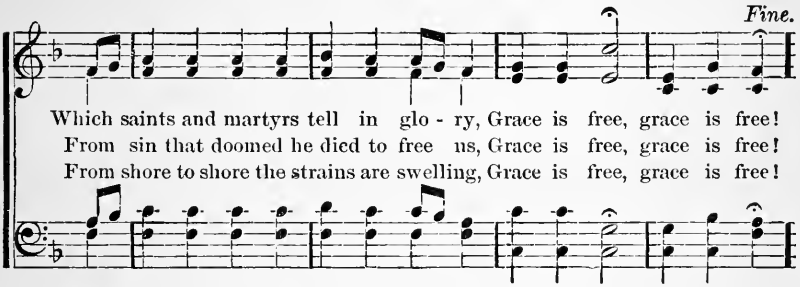
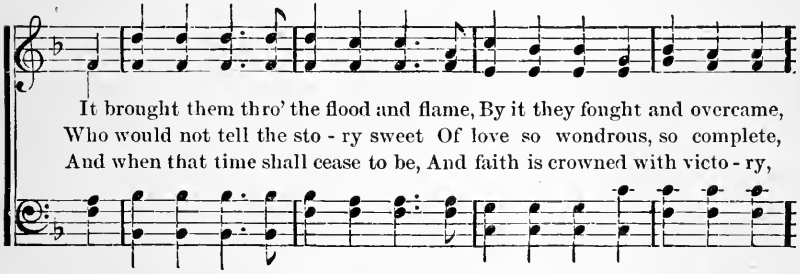
Grace is Free.

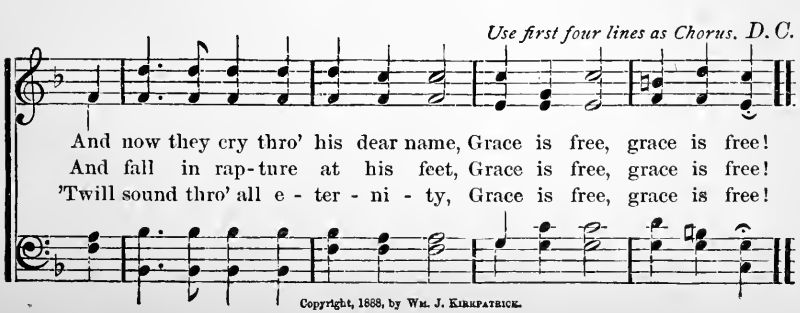
EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHO.—There's nothing like, etc.







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Abide with Me.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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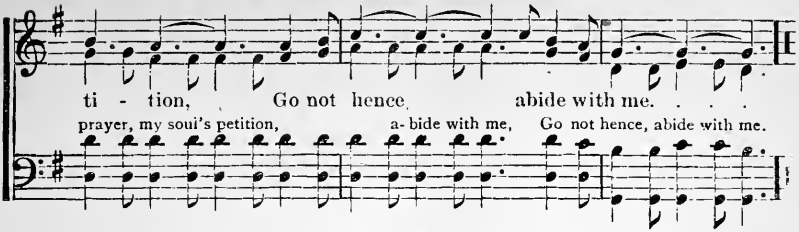

Oh, to be Like Him.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Jno. R. Sweney.

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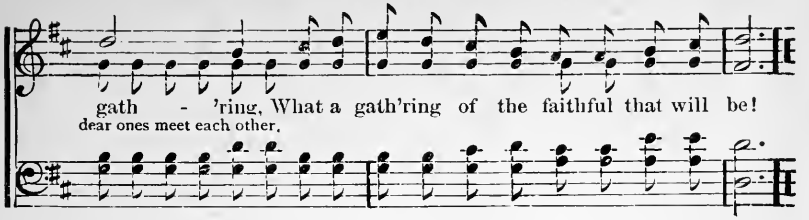
What a Gath'ring that will be.

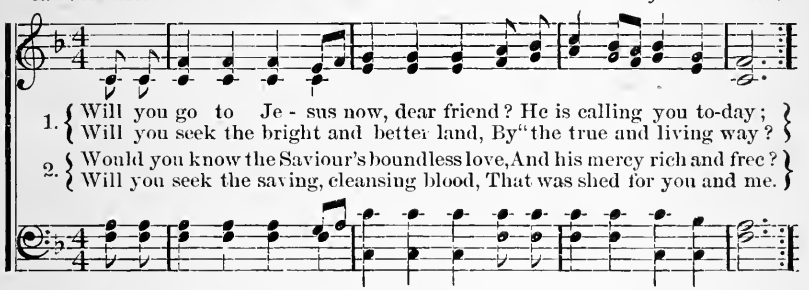
J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

From "Song Treasury," by per.



By Grace I Will.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne.

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown,
Will you daily bear the cross for him,
Till he bids you wear the crown?

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Wait, and Murmur Not.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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A Shout in the Camp.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Is not this the Land of Beulah.

ANON. ARRANGED.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear
For I've tried this way before thee.
And the glory lingers near.

Jesus will Save You now. 227

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Abiding.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

Jno. R. Sweney.

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Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON. R. E. HUDSON.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great name:
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide,

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

From "Salvation Echoes," by per. Pub. at Alliance, O.

Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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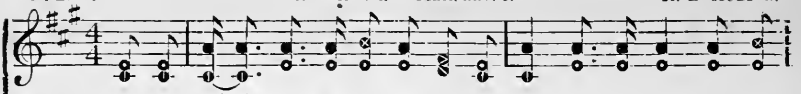
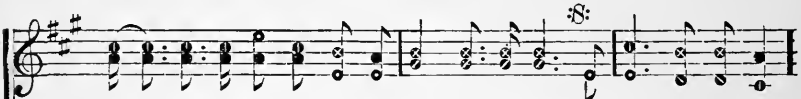
Behold the Bridegroom.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

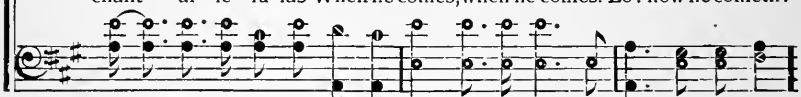
R. E. H. R. E. Hudson.



1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

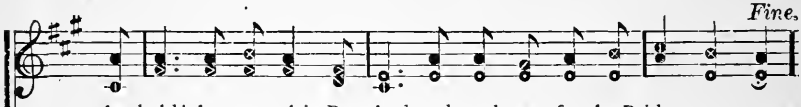


ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes: Lo! now he cometh!

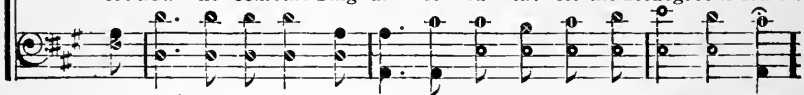


D.S.—Behold! he cometh!

Fine.

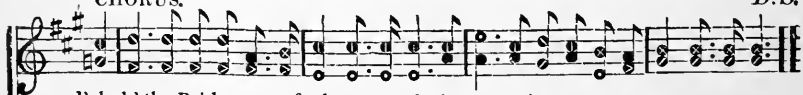


be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
he quick - ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

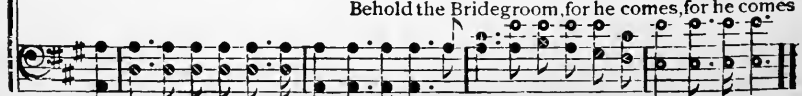


be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS. *D.S.*



Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes



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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Wont You Love My Jesus?

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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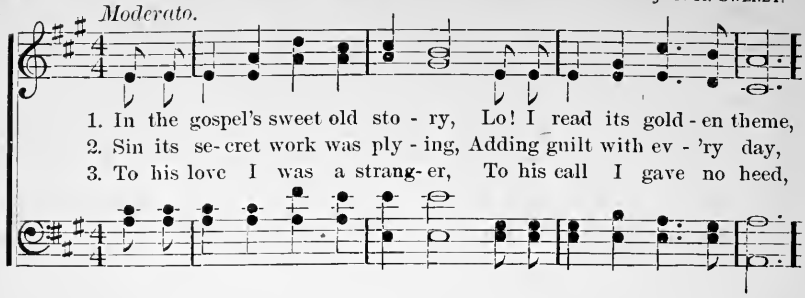
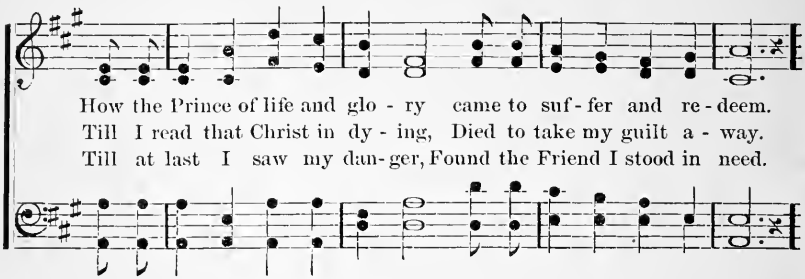
FE MI FA SO LA SI

Oh! 'tis Wonderful.

E. A. Barnes. Jno R. Sweney.

Moderato.





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Open the Door.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. W. J. K.

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I am glad.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

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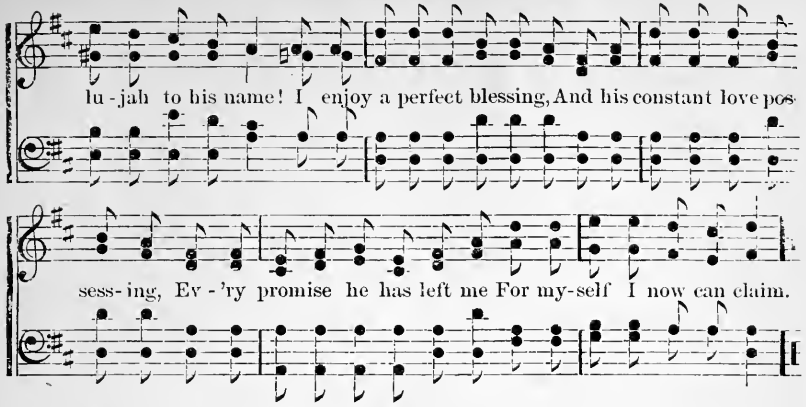

Away to Jesus.

FANNY L. JOHNSON. J. R. S.

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Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.

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My Spirit is Free.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

By permission.

Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph iii. 19.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

From "Holy Voices," by per.

Safe in the Glory Land.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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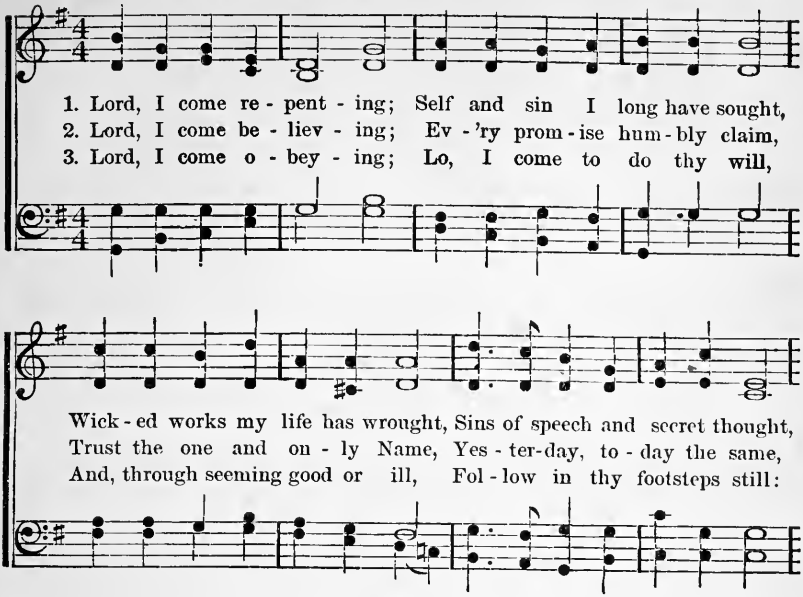
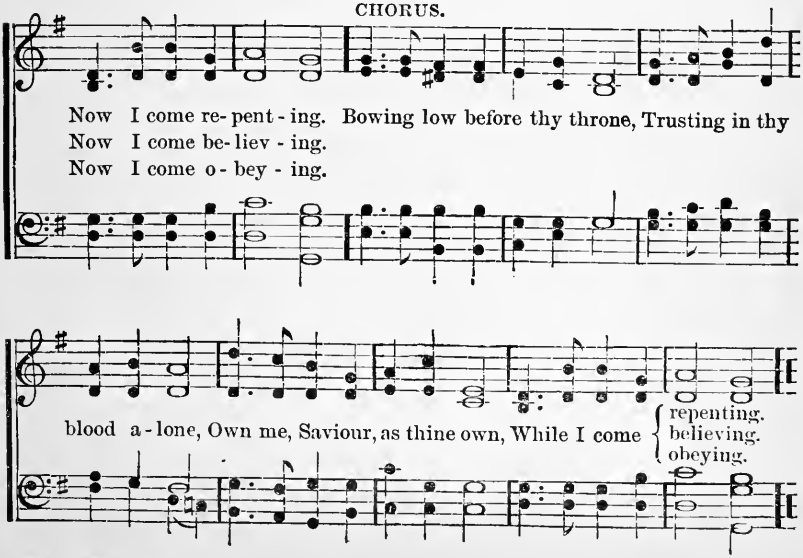
Lord, I Come Repenting.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.



CHORUS.



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Coming Victory.

G. W. Collins. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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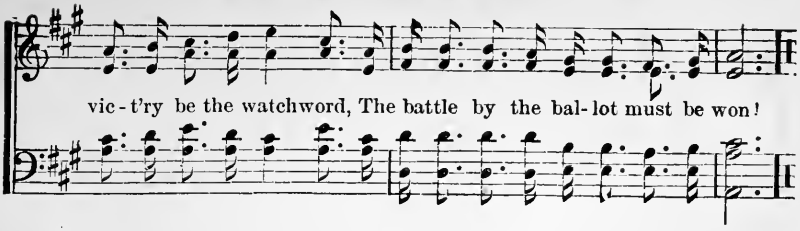

I'll be There.

ISAAAC WATTS. Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

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Pray for the Fallen.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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The Rum Saloon shall Go. 247

Rev. John O. Foster. A.M. Jno. R. Sweney.

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Is there Any One Here.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is there an - y one here that is will - ing to-day On Je - sus the
2. Is there an - y one here that is try - ing to-day The fet - ters of
3. Is there an - y one here that is wea - ry to-day, Or la - den, or
4. Hear the Saviour's sweet voice while he calls thee again, O come, and be-

Lord to be - lieve? Is there an-y poor soul that is longing to-day The
e - vil to break? An - y read - y to fol - low the Saviour to-day, And
sor - row oppressed? Is there any sad heart that is praying to-day To
lieve and o - bey; He is waiting to bless, he will comfort thee now! He

CHORUS.

gift of his grace to re - ceive. Come un - to me,
take up the cross for his sake.
find in the Sav - iour a rest?
nev - er turned an - y a - way.

Come un - to me, come un - to me,

Come un - to me; Je - sus is call - ing,

Come un - to me, come un - to me;

ad lib.

call - ing now to thee, Come, oh, come un - to me. un - to me.

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Leading Souls to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.

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The Universal Call.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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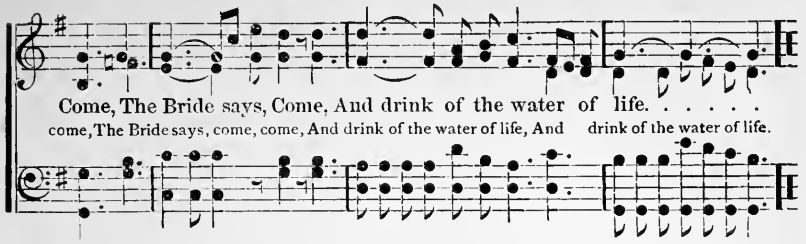
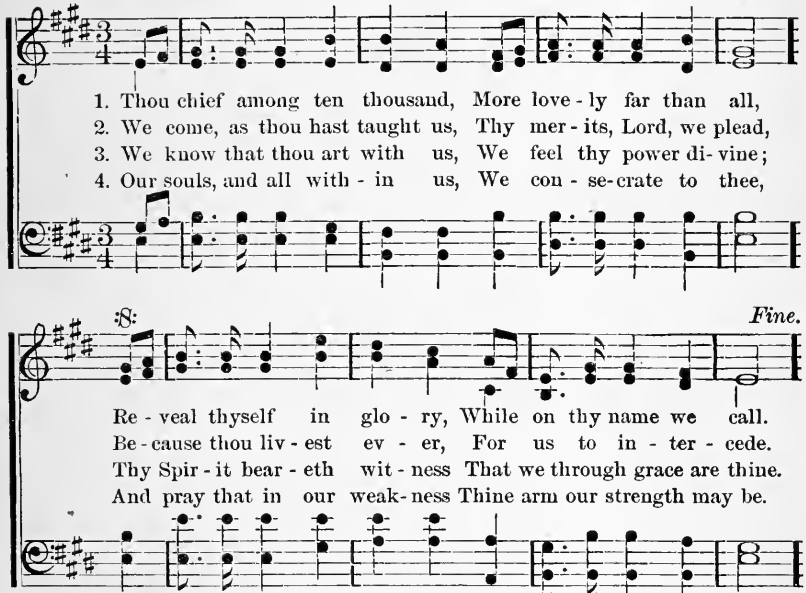


Each Heart Thy Temple.

LAURA MILLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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At the Cross.

R. Kelso Carter. Arr. by E. E. Nickerson.

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All for Me, All for Thee.

Rev Alfred J. Hough. Jno R. Sweney.

4 'Neath the cross I see thee bending,
To the place of skulls ascending,
None attending, none befriending,
All for me, all for me;
Now my heart with thy life beating
To each cross shall give glad greeting,
While my lips are still repeating
All for thee, all for thee.

5 In thy Father's glory sharing,
And the crown of ages wearing,
Thou art now a home preparing
All for me, all for me;
With the souls of thy befriending,
Saved from sorrow never-ending,
Shall my song be heard ascending
All for thee, all for thee.

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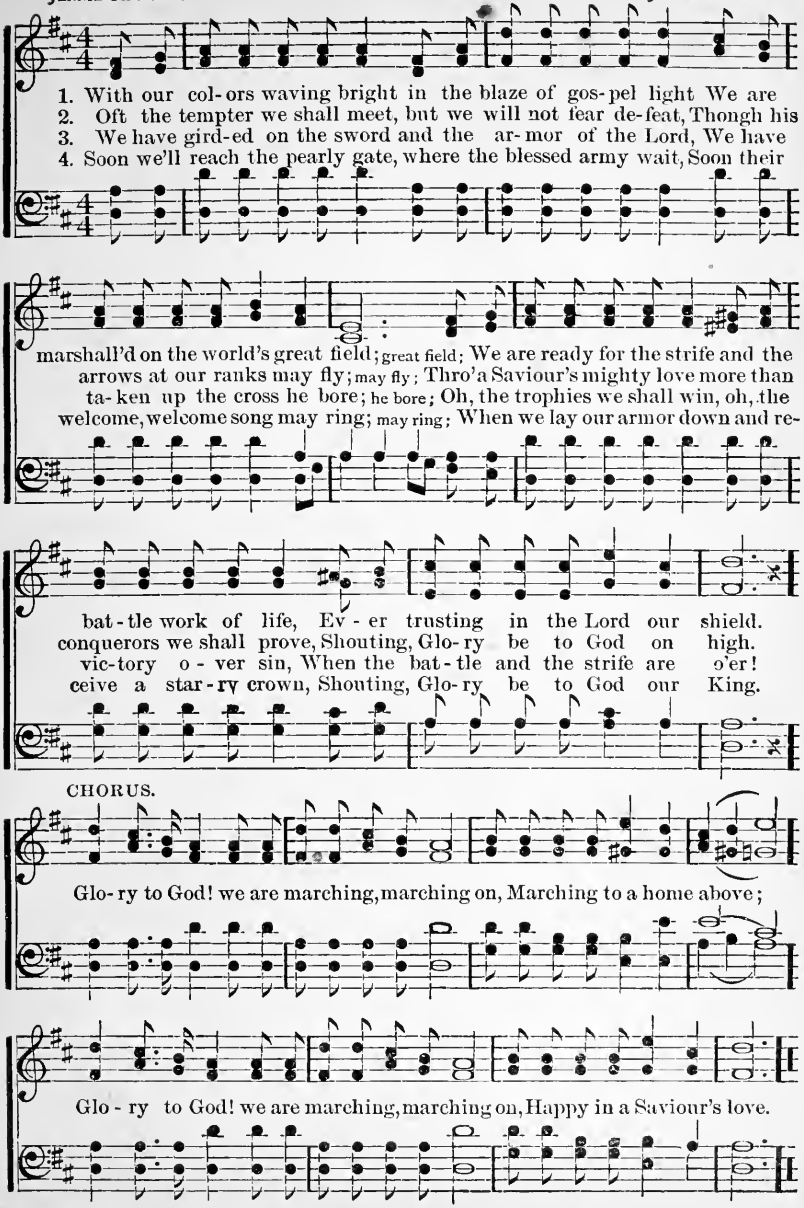
Marching On.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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The Open Arms.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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Blessed are the Pure in Heart.

L. L. P. Matt. v. 8. L. L. Pickett.

R

Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery

a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir-its' sword,
moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,
Standing on the promis- es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promis- es,
stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis- es of God.
Standing on the prom- is- es,

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From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

Outside the Gate.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Let Me in the Life-boat.

L. H. Edmunds. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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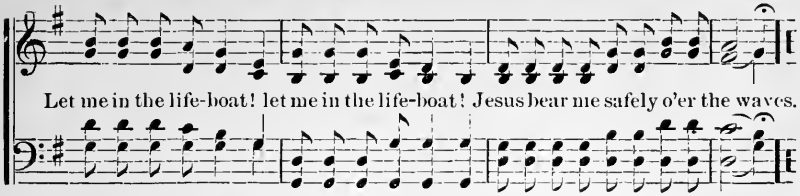


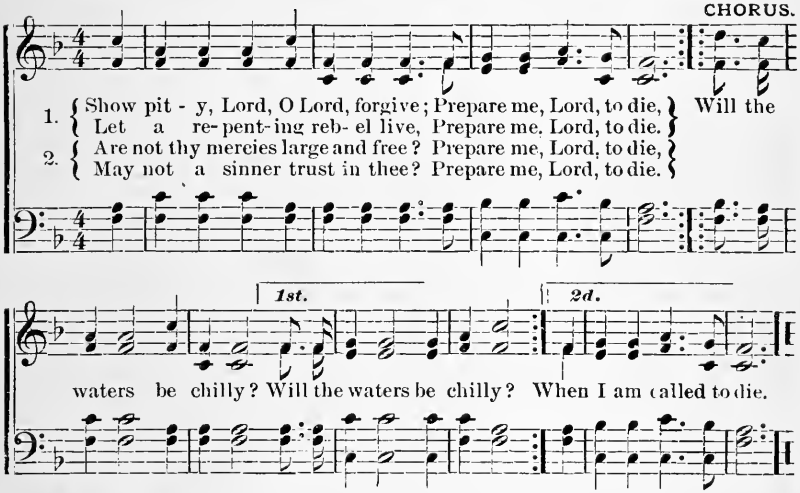
6 Our friends over yonder, on Glory's bright shore,
Are sending out signals, and call o'er and o'er,
Step into the life-boat, be saved evermore,
O come and trust to Jesus in the life-boat.

7 How grandly the life-boat is riding the waves,
The shock of the tempest it fearlessly braves,
Who trust it entirely will find that it saves,
For Christ is saving sinners in the life-boat.

8 When into the haven we joyously ride,
The lights of the city will brighten the tide,
We'll answer the shouts of the saints glorified,
All glory be to Jesus for his life-boat.

Will the Waters Be Chilly.

I. WATTS. Arr. by W. J. K.



3 My sins are great, but don't surpass,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
The power and glory of thy grace;
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

4 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
So let thy pard'ning love be found,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

5 O wash my soul from every sin,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And make my guilty conscience clean
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

6 Here on my heart the burden lies,
Prepare me, Lord, to die;
And past offences pain my eyes,
Prepare me, Lord, to die.

Blessed Jesus.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Slow, with feeling.

4 By thy passion in the garden,
By thine anguish on the tree,
By that precious gift of pardon
Won for us alone by thee.

REF.—Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Set the sin-bound captives free.

5 When our earthly day is closing,
And the night grows still and deep,
Let us, in thine arms reposing,
Feel thy power to save and keep.

REF.—Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Give thine own beloved sleep.

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I'm Not Alone.

MARY B. PECK. JOHN E. KURZENKNABE.

Copyright, 1889, by J. H Kurzenknabe.

Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E BLAIR. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Our Cause is Marching On. 265

Mrs. Fannie H. Carr. Jno. R Sweney.

1. We've joined the glorious sisterhood, two hundred thousand strong. With heart and hand u - ni - ted for the ov - erthow of wrong; With
2. We've heard the cry of childhood, and the prayer of woman too; We've seen the fall of manhood, and what al - co- hol will do; We've
3. With Je - sus for our Captain, no ill can us be - tide; In the se - cret of his pow - er we as - sur - ed- ly confide; Anchored
4. With his light upon our pathway and his grace within our heart Fearing naught that man can do to us, nor dreading Satan's dart, Leaning
5. A bet - ter day is dawning, the hour is draw- ing near, King Al - co - hol shall be dethroned, with all that he holds dear, And

purpose firm and courage high our phalanx moves along, Our cause is marching on.
consecrated heart and hand to push this campaign through, Our cause is marching on.
to the Rock of Ages se - cure- ly we abide, Our cause is marching on.
hard on our beloved, from whose strength we ne'er shall part, Our cause is marching on.
peace and plenty crown our land, spreading ev'ry where, Our cause is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo - - - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Sing glo - - - - - - ry, hal- le-
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le-

lu - jah! Sing glo - - ry, hal- le - lu - jah! Our cause is marching on!
lu - - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - - jah!

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What will the First Greeting be?

P. H. DINGMAN — JNO. R. SWENEY.

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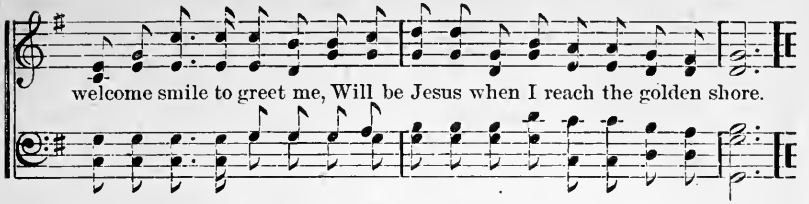

Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Just Ahead.

EDGAR PAGE. Cho. by H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.

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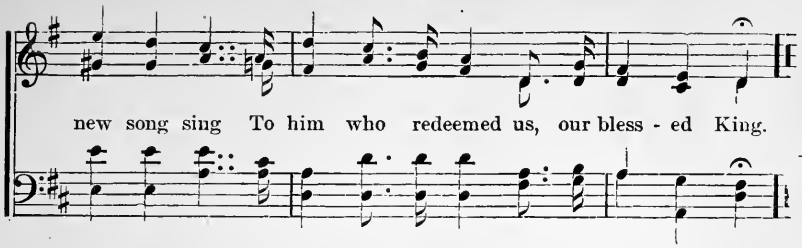
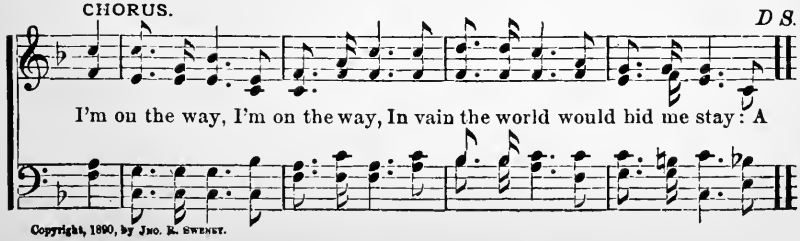


On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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I Am Safe.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

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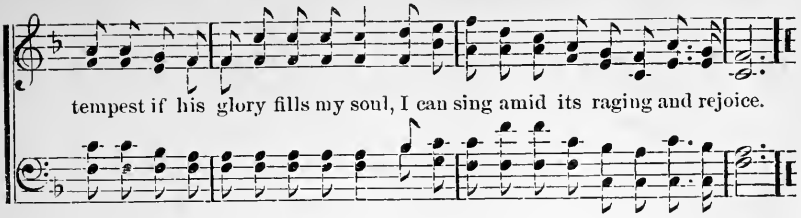

A Heart from Sin set Free.

CHAS. WESLEY. L. L. PICKETT.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine:
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

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Happy Tidings.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.

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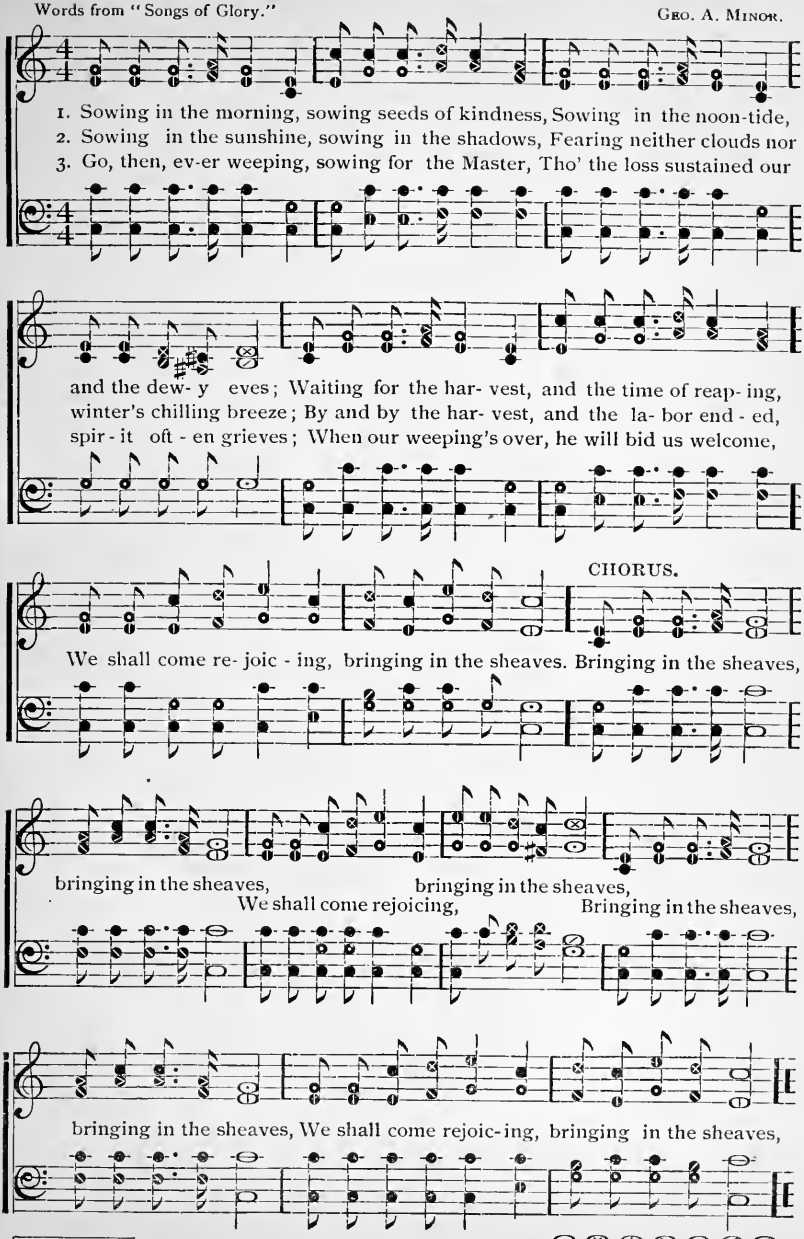
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Bringing in the Sheaves. 273

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR.



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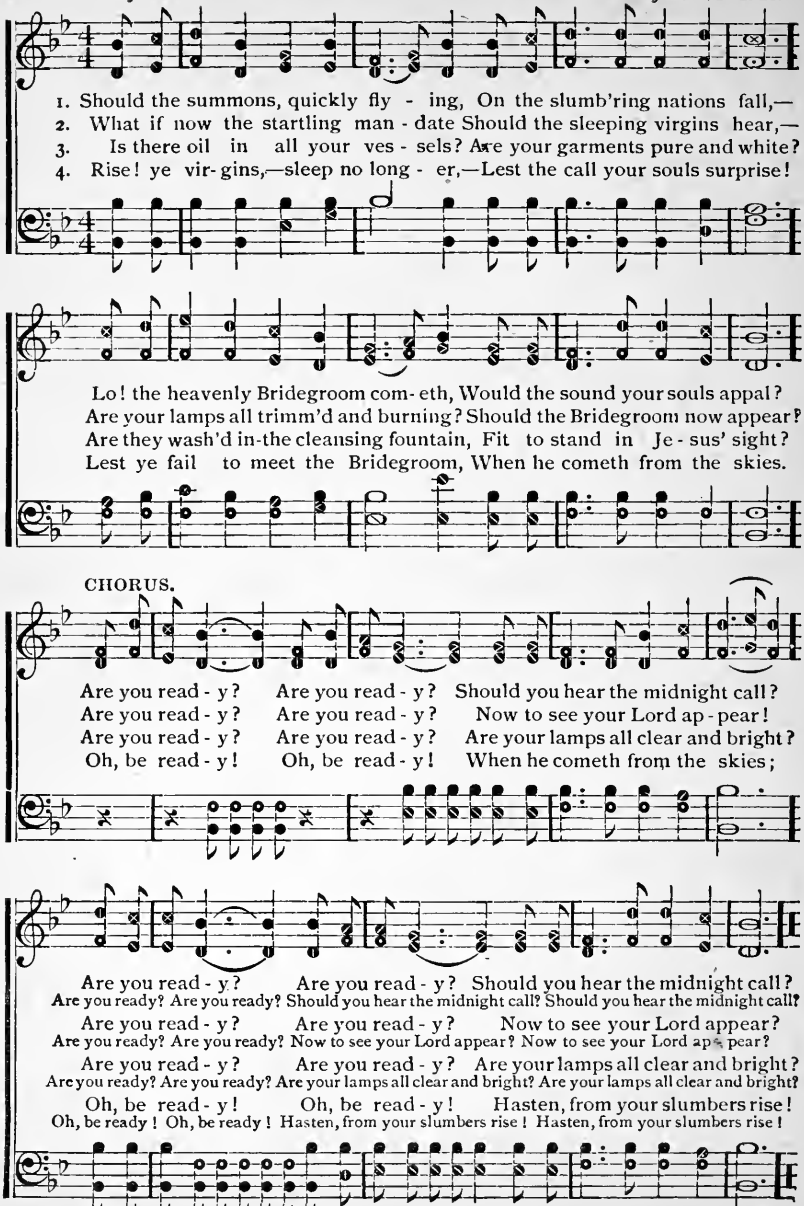
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Sinner, Turn.

CHAS WESLEY. JNO R. SWENEY.

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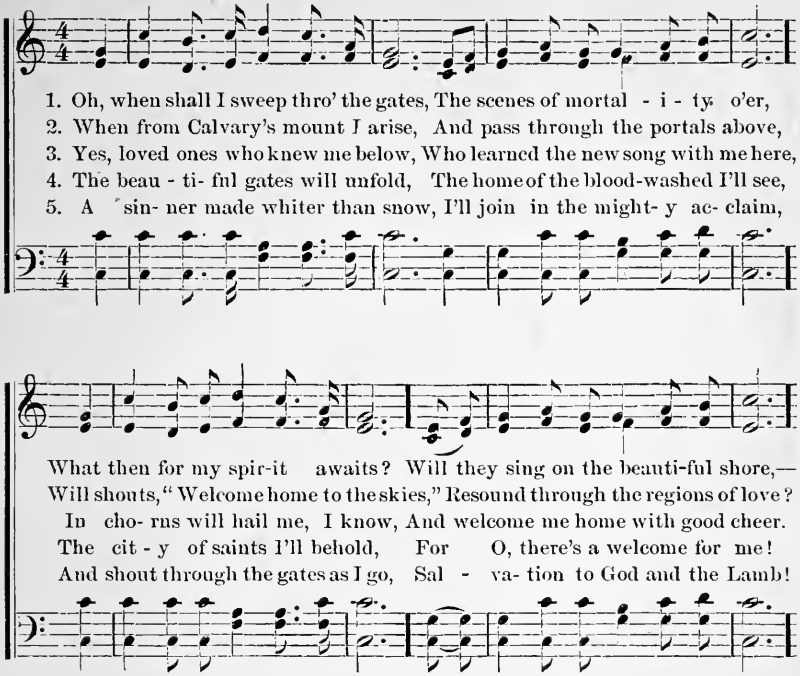
Welcome Home.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Mrs. J F. Knapp. By per.



Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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Tell Me the Story of Jesus. 279

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.

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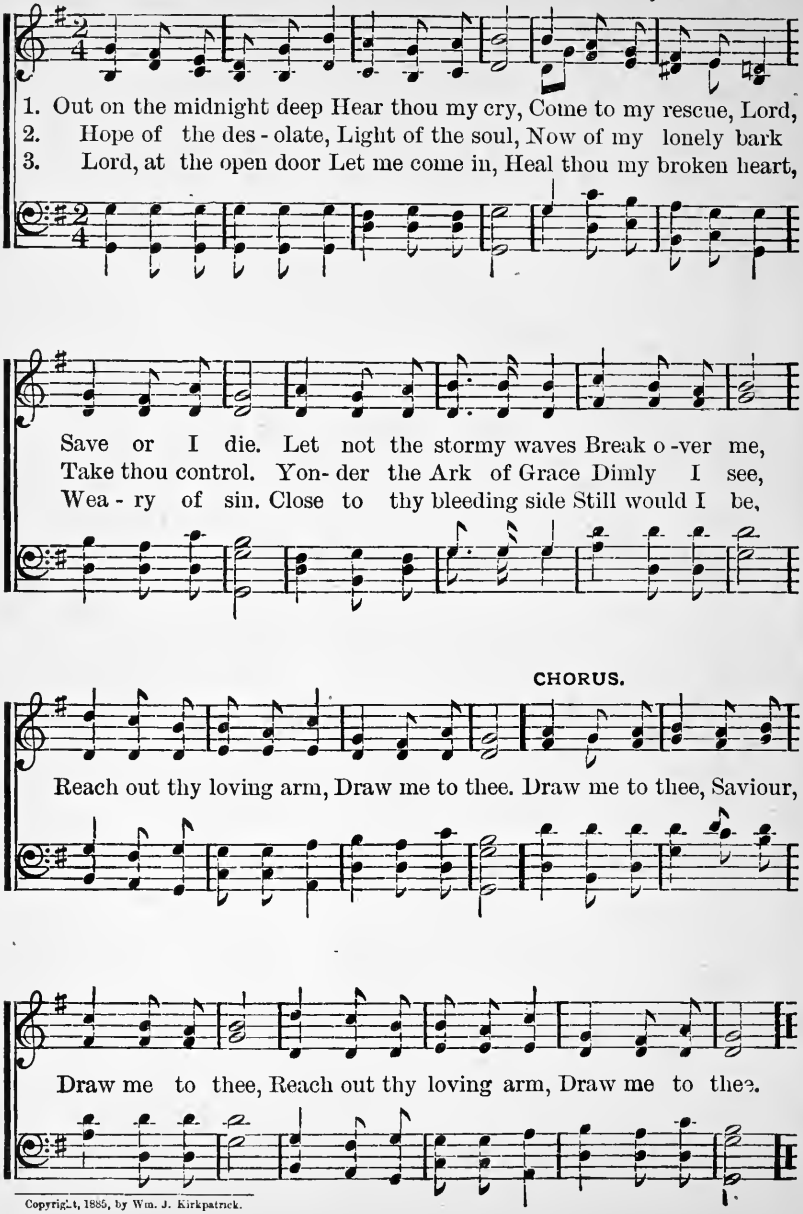
Draw Me to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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Harvest Time.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer.

2 Another may reap what in spring-time I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,—
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

3 The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

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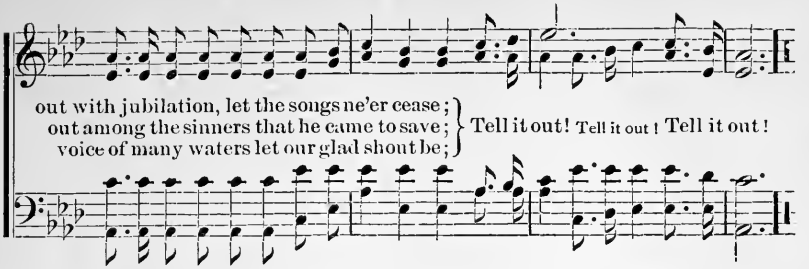
Tell it Out.

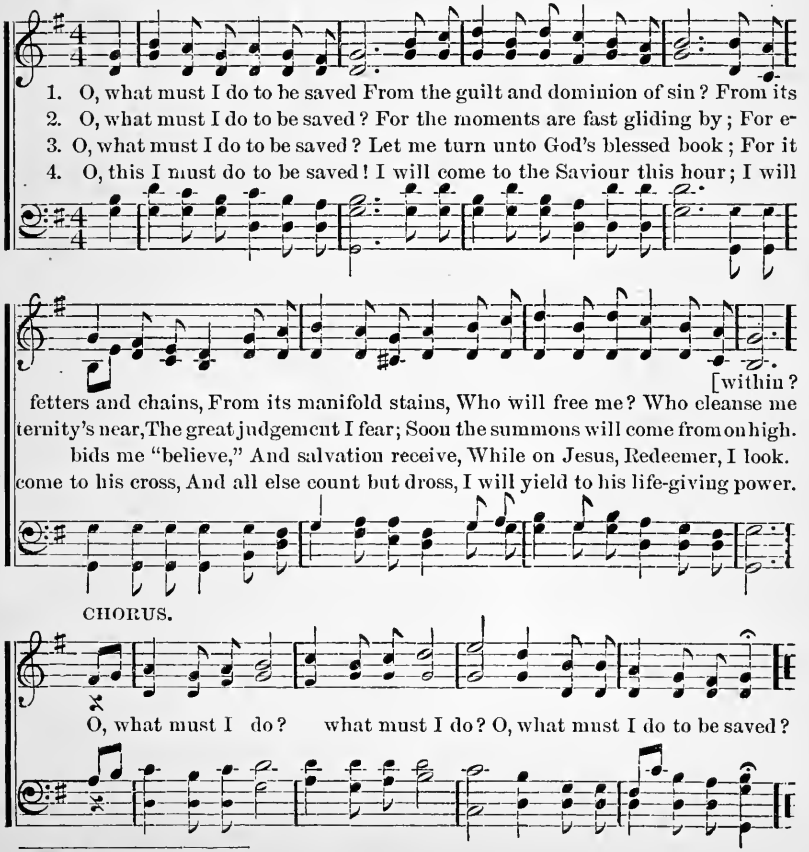
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



What Must I Do to be Saved?

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31.

E. E. Hewitt. L. L. Pickett.



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Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. L. L. PICKETT.

DUET OR QUARTET.

My Fatherland.

Rev. W. Hunter. T. C. O'Kane.

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Come, ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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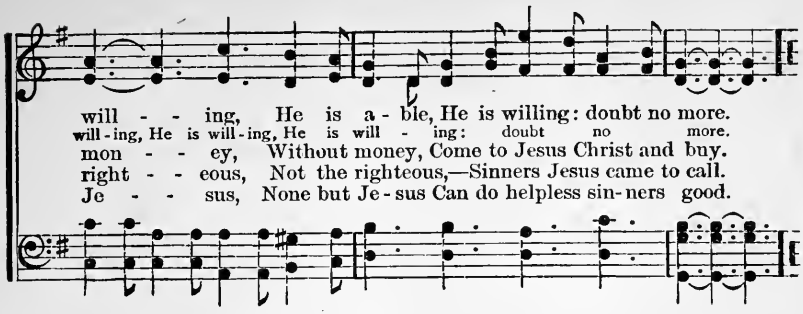


Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

288 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Arr. by W. J. K., 1859. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1 O land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

Cho.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

289 Happy Land.

Old Melody.

2 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign evermore.

3 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be.
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
Blest evermore.

290

Jesus Saves Me.

LOUISE M. ROUSE. MISS DORA BOOLE.

5 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed me from inbred corruption,
Sanctified and made me whole.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!

---

291 **I have Sought.** *Tune on opposite page.*

1 I HAVE sought round the verdant earth
For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy;
Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free;
Thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

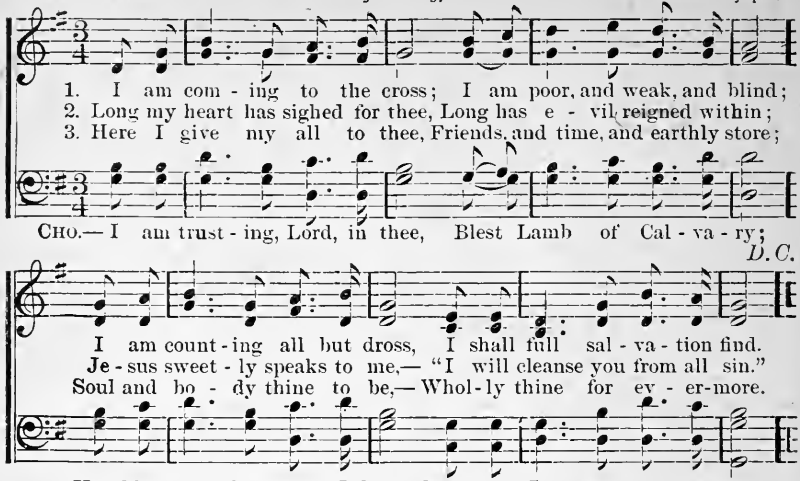
2 I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my lab'ring soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 Then I turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
Then I trusted thy holy word
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release—
In thy word my soul found peace
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
All my heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

292 I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. John vi. 37. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.

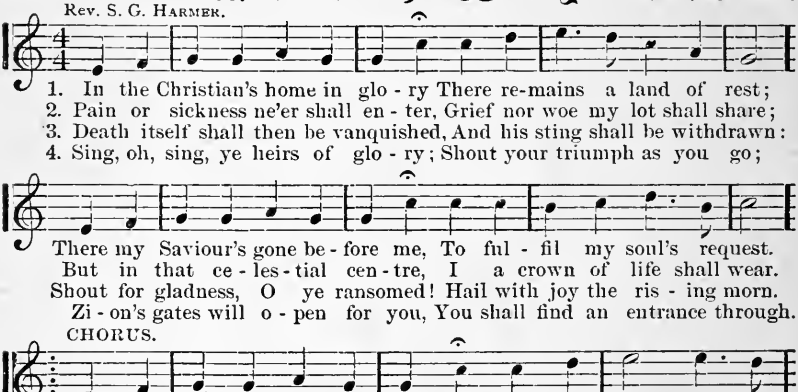


4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

293 Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. G. Harmer. Rev. Wm. McDonald.



294 Wm. P. Mackay. **Revive us again.** J. J. Husband.

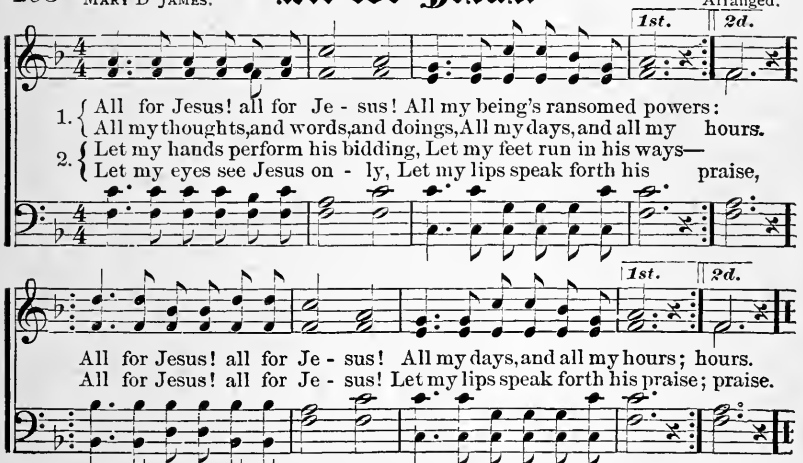
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

295 Mary D James. **All for Jesus.** Arranged.



3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings! :‖

296 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and THOS. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

297 At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.

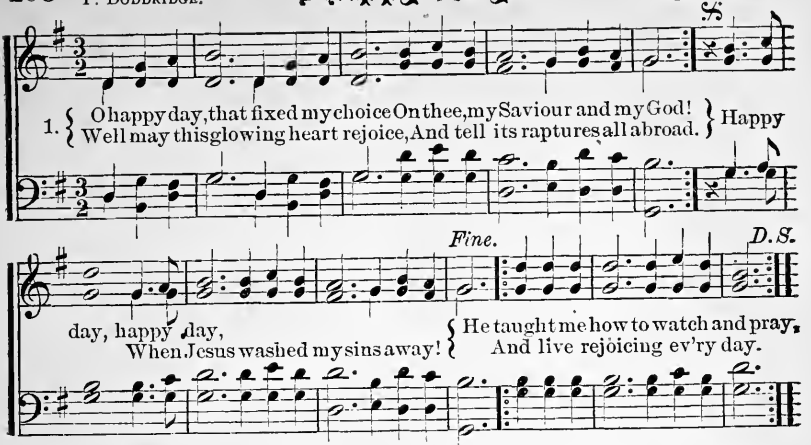
3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul is satisfied.

298 P. Doddridge. **Happy Day.** English Melody.



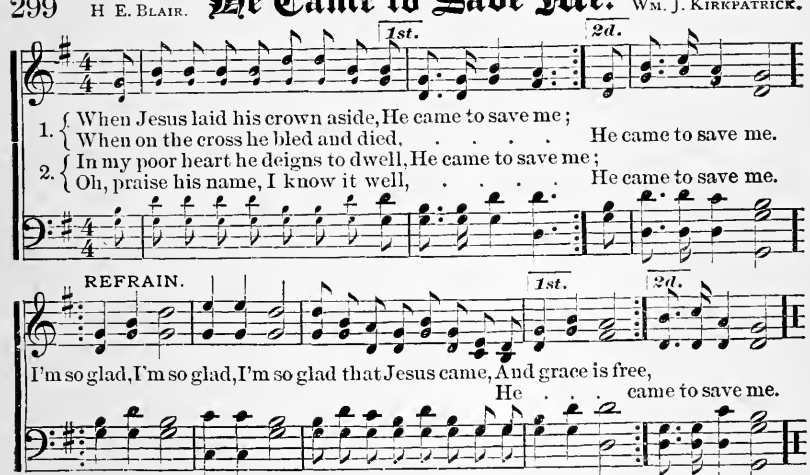
2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

299 H. E. Blair. **He Came to Save Me.** Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

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300 Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

301

ROBERT ROBINSON. COME, THOU FOUNT. Tune and Chorus above.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung fly flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above

302 Come to Jesus.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 He is waiting, etc.
6 O believe him, etc.
7 He will bless you, etc.

303 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. Stockton.

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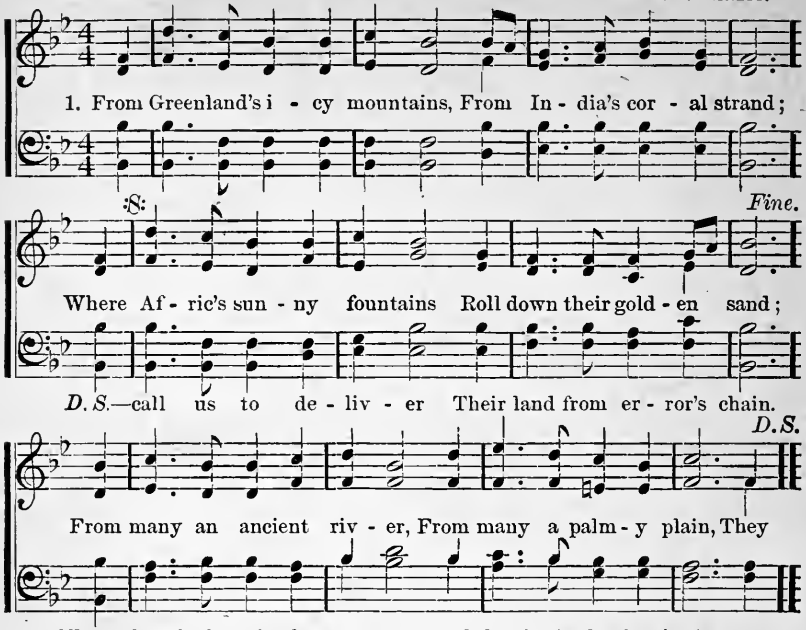
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

304 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. L. L. PICKETT.



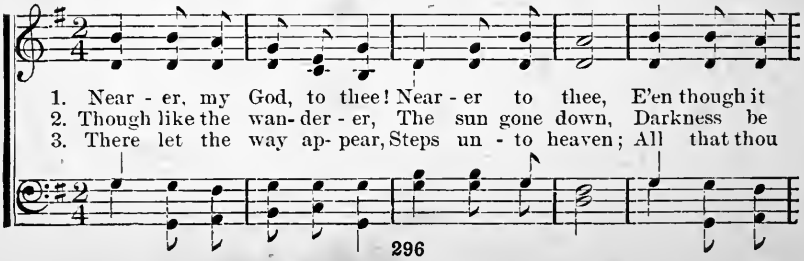
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

305 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

L. L. PICKETT.

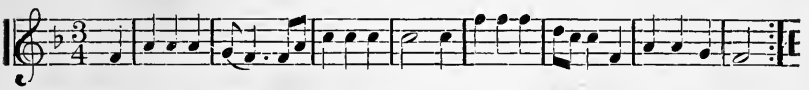


Nearer, My God, to Thee.—CONCLUDED.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

306 O Tell Me no More.



CHO.—I'll drink when I'm dry, I'll drink a supply, I'll drink from the fountain That never runs dry.

1 O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined
On that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe
In paradise live,
And me in that number
Will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay;
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,—
What light, strength, and comfort,—
Go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move
To a city above, [drous
None guesses how won-
My journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions
Shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why:

5 But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory
And leave me behind:
So this is the race [grace,
I'm running through
Henceforth, till admitted
To see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care
My neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them
Will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you
Free grace is so nigh?

307

Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Jno. R. Sweney.

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308

I'm Happy. IIs.

1 I'm happy, I'm happy,
O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal;
I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure,
And long to be there,
With Jesus and angels,
My kindred so dear.

2 O, who is like Jesus!
He's Salem's bright King!
He smiles, and he loves me,
And helps me to sing:
I'll praise him, I'll praise
Whatever his will, [him
While rivers of pleasure
My spirit doth fill.

3 I find him in singing,
I find him in prayer;
In sweet meditation
He always is there.
My constant companion,
O my we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus,
He dwells in my heart.

Laban. S. M.

309 A charge to keep I have.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall forever die. —C. Wesley.

310 My soul, be on thy guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode. —G. Heath.

311 Equip me for the war.

1 Equip me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought,
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all. —C. Wesley.

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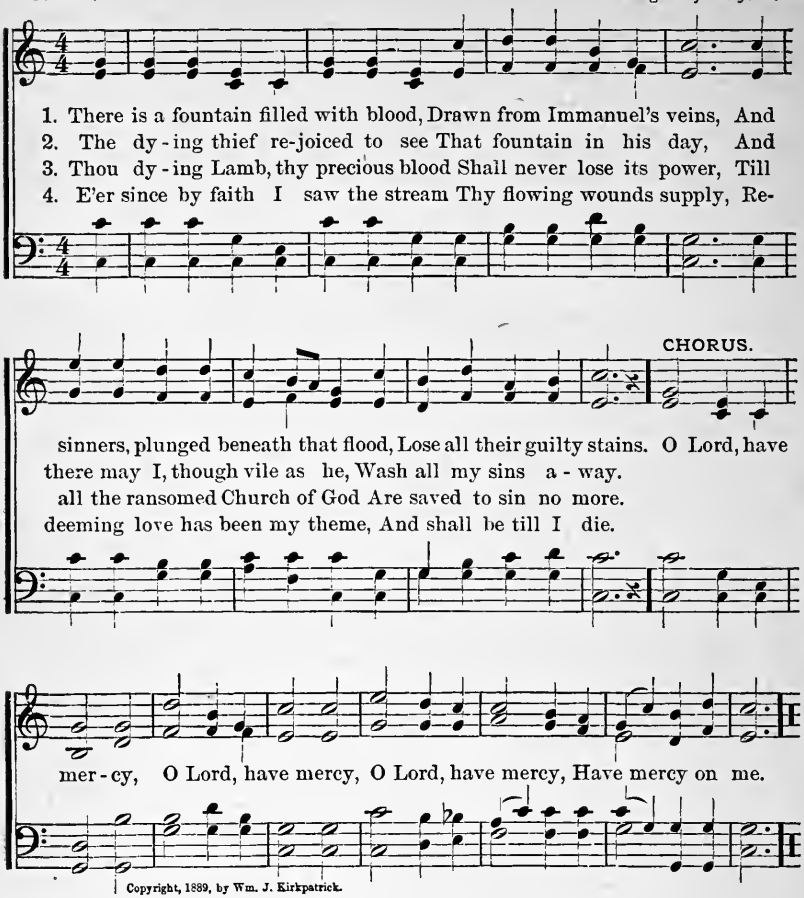
312 Lord, in the Strength of Grace.

1 Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.
—C. Wesley.

313 O Lord, Have Mercy.

COWPER. Arranged by W. J. K.



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314 Alas! and did.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature,'s sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do. —I. WATTS.

Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.

315 **Lord, I Believe a Rest Remains.**

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

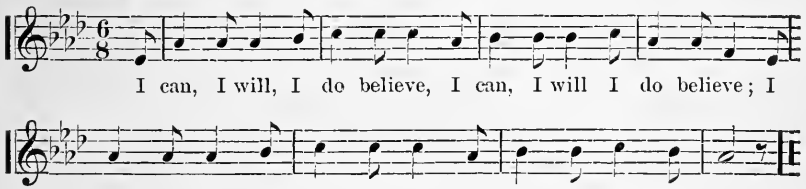
3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

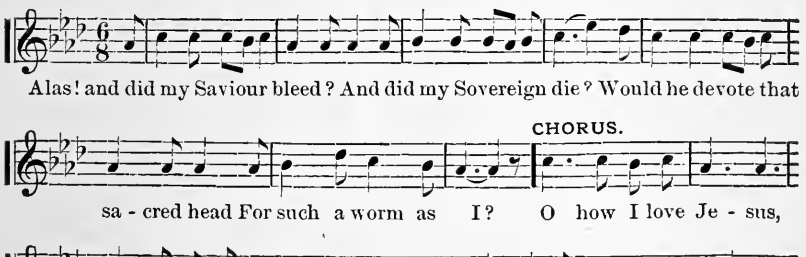
CHARLES WESLEY.

316 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

[To be sung to "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," or other C. M. words.]



317 How I Love Jesus.



Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. Tune, TOPLADY. 7s.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

319 Whiter than Snow.

1 DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain;
Apply thine own blood, and extract ev'ry stain;
To have this blest washing I all things forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Dear Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee thou never said'st, no,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5 Dear Jesus, For this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

6 The blessing by faith I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love!
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied,—I am whiter than snow.

320 What a Friend.

1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

321 Lord, I Care Not for Riches.

1 LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold:
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea;
But thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair,
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

322 Work! For the Night is Coming.

1 WORK! for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

323 Oh, Think of the Home.

1 OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of life,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

CHO.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there!

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then, away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

324 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

1 MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More Love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Balerma. C. M.

325 O for a Closer Walk.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER.

327 How Sweet the Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWT

326 My Father is Rich in Houses and Lands.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands! [gold
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men; [of them,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest
But now he is reigning forever on high, [by.
And will give me a home in heaven by and

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,— [crown.
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there! [sing:
Though exiled from home, yet still I may
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

Arlington. C. M.

328 Am I a Soldier.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

330 When I Can Read My Title.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

329 Oh, Bliss of the Purified.

1 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Cho.—Oh, sing of his mighty love,
‖: Sing of his mighty love, :‖
Mighty to save.

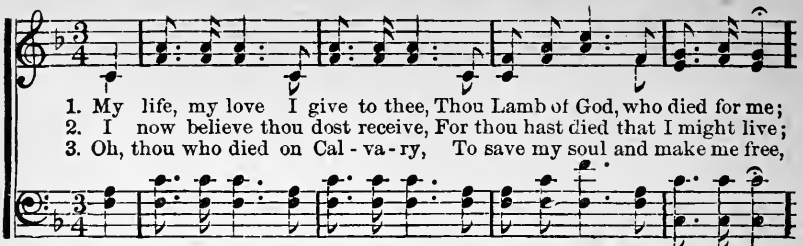
2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In concious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face,

3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the Crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

331 I'll Live for Him.

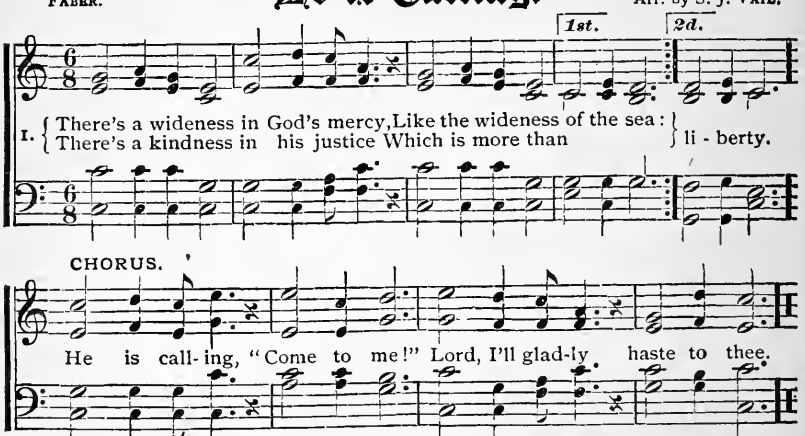
C. R. Dunbar.



Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

332 He is Calling.

Faber. Arr. by S. J. Vail.

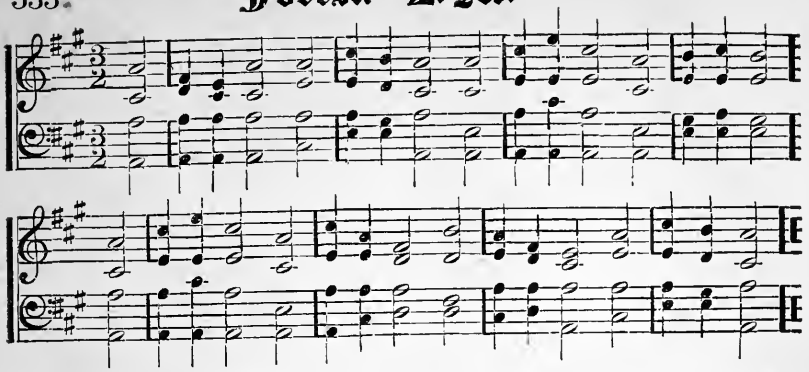


2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

333. **Forest. L. M.**



55 **O that my load of sin were gone.** L.M.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

—Chas. Wesley.

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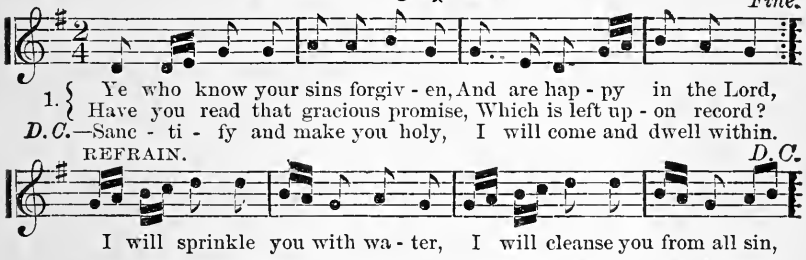
334 **I Will Sprinkle.**



2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,—
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.

3 Be as holy, and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus know.

4 Spread, O spread the joyful tidings,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.

5 O may every soul be filled
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
He is coming, he is coming;
O prepare, prepare the way.

335 Sweet Land of Rest.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

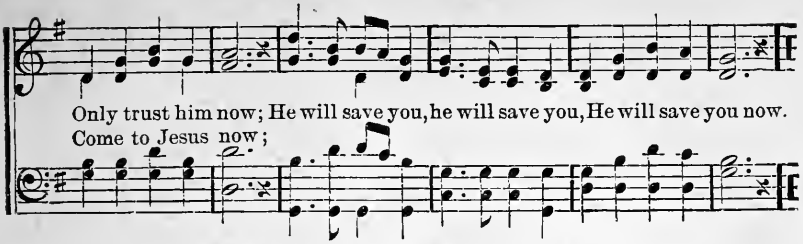
4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

336 Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. xi. 29.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton. By per.

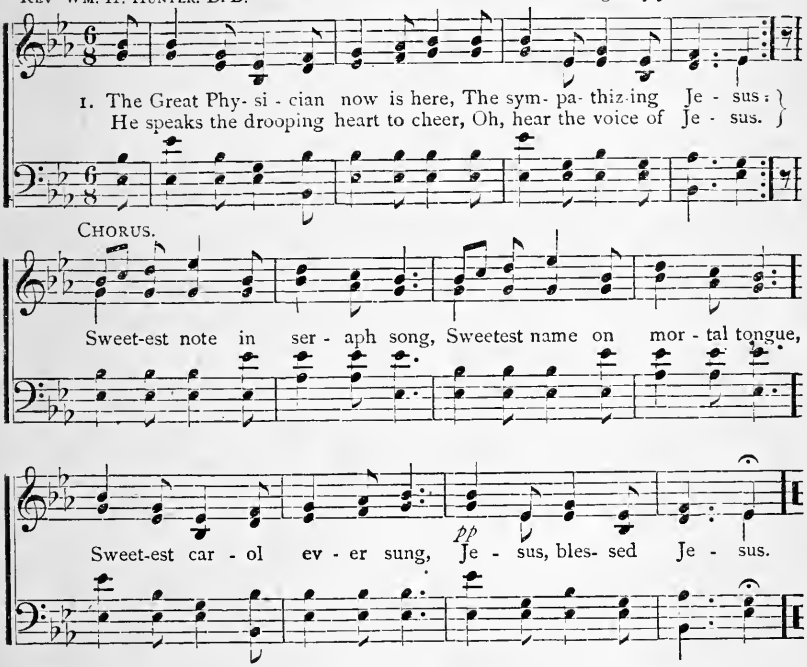
Only Trust Him.—CONCLUDED.



337

The Great Physician.

Rev Wm. H. Hunter. D. D. Arranged by J H Stockton.



2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept his gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

338 It is Good to be Here.

Rev. I. N. Wilson — Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

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339 O how Happy are They. *Tune and Chorus above.*

1 O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O, that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

340 Take me as I am.

ANON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

Copyright, 1878, by JOHN J. HOOD

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

341 JUST AS I AM.

Tune and Chorus above.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

342 More Faith in Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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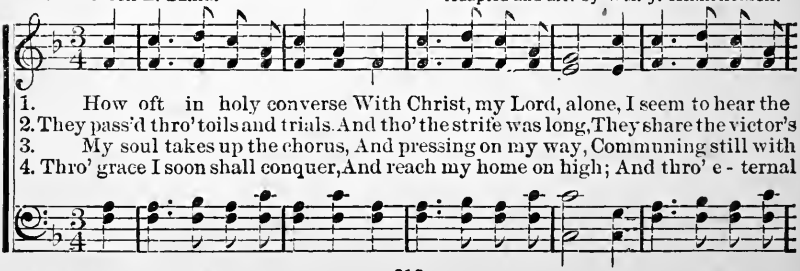
343 Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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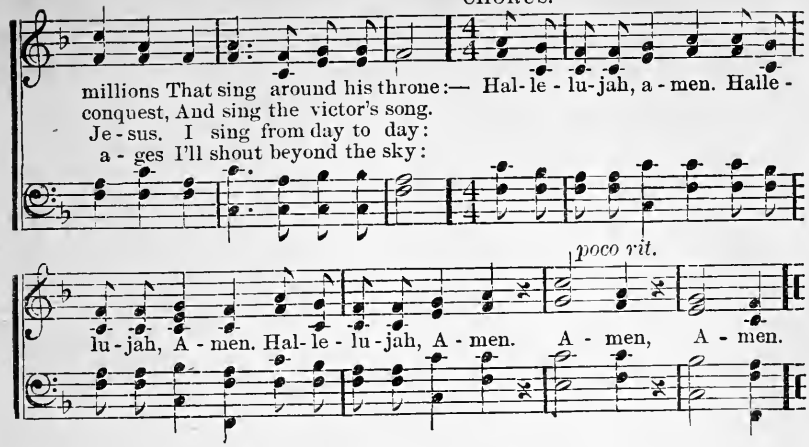
Hallelujah! Amen.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



344 O Thou in whose.

Tune, MEDITATION. 11,8.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS, arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

3 Or why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he has gone.

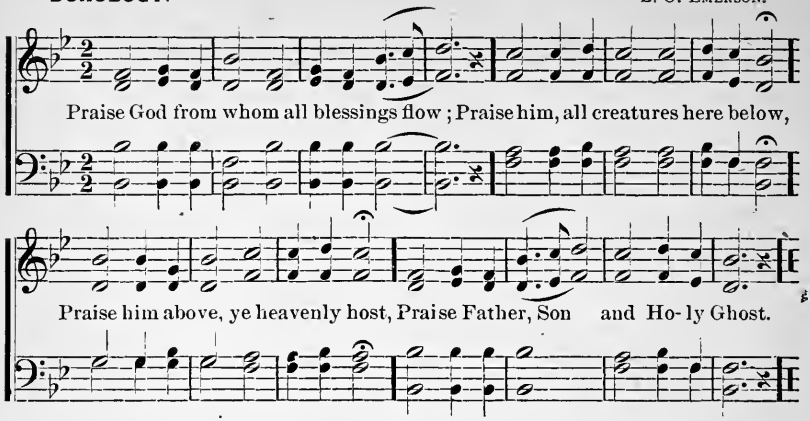
5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

345 DOXOLOGY.

Sessions. L. M.

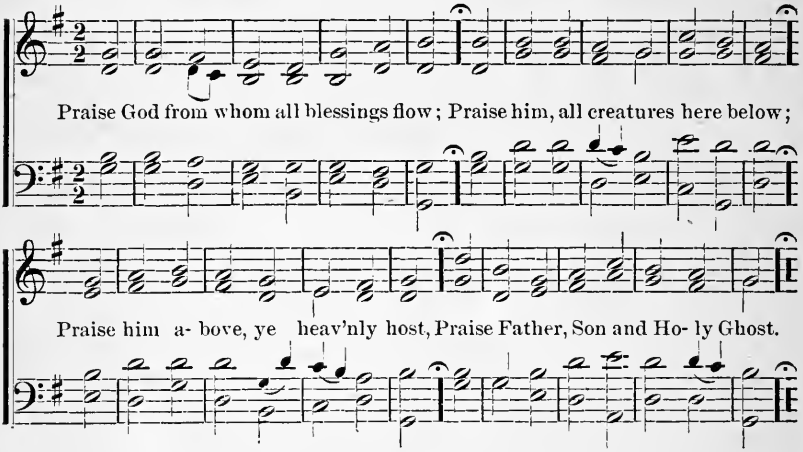
L. O. Emerson.



346 DOXOLOGY.

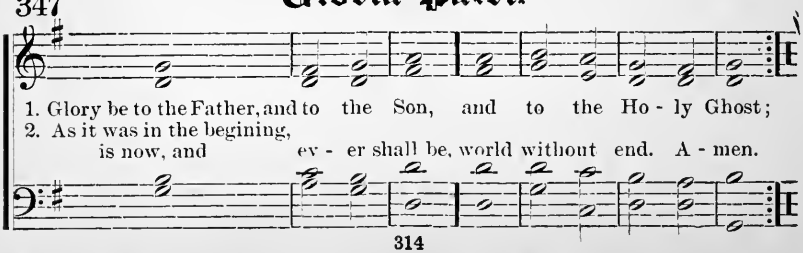
Old Hundred. L. M.

G. Franc.



347

Gloria Patri.



INDEX.

Titles in CAPITALS; Metrical Tunes in *Italic*; First lines in Roman.

ABIDE WITH ME, ... 220
ABIDING, ... 228
ABIDING AND CONFIDING, . . 104
Abiding, oh, so wondrous sweet! . 186
A BLESSING IN PRAYER, . . 192
ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH. . . 17
A charge to keep I have, . . 309
A HEART FROM SIN SET FREE. . 271
Ah! 'tis the old, old story, . . 210
Alas! alas! a wayward sheep . 206
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? . 314
A little while to sow and reap, . 237
All, all to Jesus I consecrate a- . 131
ALL BRIGHT ABOVE. . . . 16
All for Jesus! all for Jesus! . 295
ALL FOR ME, ALL FOR THEE,. . 254
All is ready, the Master said, . 43
All praise to him who reigns a- . 216
All the day in sweet communion, 220
ALL THE WAY LONG IT IS JESUS, . 129
ALWAYS ABOUNDING, . . . 242
Am I a soldier of the cross, . . 328
Another year is dawning, . . 105
A PERFECT SALVATION,. . . 114
Are there those around my door, . 10
Are you drifting down life's cur- . 174
ARE YOU READY? 274
Are you ready for the Bridegroom 232
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? 116
Are you weary, are you heavy-h. . 50
Are you willing, my sister, my . 26
Arlington. C. M.. . . . 328
A SHOUT IN THE CAMP, . . . 225
A SONG OF TRUST, ... 172
AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE, . . 130
AT THE CROSS, ... 253
AT THE CROSS I'LL ABIDE, . . 188
AT THE FOUNTAIN. . . . 297
AT THE GOLDEN LANDING. . . 35
At the sounding of the trumpet . 222
A trembling soul, I come to thee,. 9
A wave is rolling o'er the land, . 247
AWAY TO JESUS, ... 237
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my 179
Azmon. C. M. 315

Balerma. C. M. 325
BATTLING FOR THE LORD, . . 63
BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS, . . 170
Beautiful day, lovely thy light; . 18
BEAUTIFUL ROBES, . . . 156
Be earnest, my brother, in word . 242
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM, . . 232
BEULAH LAND, ... 178
Blessed are the pure in heart, . 257
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! 147
BLESSED BE THE NAME,. . . 216
BLESSED JESUS, ... 262
BLESSED LIGHT OF GOD, . . 40
Blest Saviour, what a word is . 17
BREATHE UPON US, . . . 155
Bright is the day-star shining for . 189
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES, . . 273
Brother for Christ's Kingdom . 167
Brother, leave the path of sin, . 24
BY GRACE I WILL, ... 223
BY THE GRACE OF GOD WE'LL . 196

Cast thy bread upon the waters, . 31
CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD, 149
Cheer up, weary sailor, your ship. 260
Christ has for sin atonement made 19
Christians, are you growing weary 12
CHRIST IS ALL, ... 152
Cling to the Mighty One, . . 91
COME AND ASK JESUS TO SAVE YOU 83
COME AND SEE, ... 141
Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, 336
COME HOME. 22
Come, let us join our cheerful . 3
Come, oh, come to the ark of rest, 227
Come over, lost one, come . . 68
Come, thou Fount of every blessing 301
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, . 302
Come to Jesus, trembling sinner, . 53
Come unto me, the Saviour said, . 112

COME, YE BLESSED, . . . 117
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye 296
Come, ye sinners, come to-day, . 177
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, 286
COMING HOME, ... 136
COMING VICTORY, ... 244
COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS, . 252
CONSECRATION. 207

Day by day we journey here, . 40
Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly 319
DEAR SAVIOUR, CLEANSE ME NOW 9
Delay not to come to Christ, . 153
Down at the cross where my Sav-. 303
DOXOLOGY. 345, 346
DRAW ME TO THEE, . . . 280

EACH HEART THY TEMPLE, . . 251
ENTIRE CONSECRATION, . . 69
Equip me for the war, . . . 311
Eternity! where? it floats in the. 101

FAITHFUL GUIDE, ... 197
Far away my steps have wandered 87
Father all holy, bend we so low-. 41
FILL ME NOW. 307
FIRE AWAY WITH YOUR BALLOTS, 86
FOLLOW ME. 14
Forest, L. M. 333
FREE WATERS. 55
Friends of yore have flown to . 35
From all the dark places of . 190
From Greenland's icy mountains,. 304
From yonder cross what beams di- 66

GATHERED HOME, ... 74
Gather them in at the Master's . 15
GATHER THE REAPERS HOME, . 59
GENTLE SHEPHERD, SAVE ME NOW 87
GIVE ME JESUS, ... 238
Gloria Patri. 347
GLORIOUS AS THE LIGHT, . . 72
Glory be to the Father, and to the 347
GLORY, HE SAVES.. . . . 195
GLORY, I'M REDEEMED,. . . 85
GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH, . 140
GLORY TO HIS NAME. . . . 303
Glory to Jesus, he saves even me,. 195
GLORY TO JESUS, HE SAVES, . . 143
Glory to Jesus, who died on the . 143
GLORY TO THE LAMB, . . . 3
God be with you till we meet a- . 151
God has given me a song, a song. 172
God is here, and that to bless us, 6
God loved the world so tenderly . 42
GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, . . 42
Good news! good news of a soul . 11
GO TELL THE WORLD OF HIS LOVE 33

GRACE IS FREE, ... 219
Great is the Lord, who ruleth, . 202

HALLELUJAH! AMEN. . . . 343
HAPPY DAY. 298
HAPPY IN THE LOVE OF JESUS, . 189
HAPPY LAND.. 289
HAPPY TIDINGS, ... 272
Hark the song of holy rapture, . 34
HARVEST TIME, ... 281
Have ye heard the song from the . 59
Have you been to Jesus, . . 116
Have you something good to tell . 99
HEALING AT THE FOUNTAIN, . 123
HEAR AND ANSWER PRAYER, . 267
Hear the earnest invitation, . . 81
Hear you not the Saviour calling, 14
HE CAME TO SAVE ME, . . . 299
He has come, he has come, . . 217
HE HIDETH MY SOUL, . . . 179
Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the 33
HE IS CALLING. 332
HE IS MY PORTION FOREVER, . 131
HELP JUST A LITTLE, . . . 167
Here in thy name we are gathered 205
HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST, . 165
HE'S MIGHTY TO SAVE, . . . 137
HE WILL GATHER THE WHEAT, . 176
HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME, . 5
HIS ANGER IS TURNED AWAY, . 184
HIS BLOOD WASHES WHITER THAN 160
Hold on, my soul, to the end hold 49
Holy Spirit, faithful guide, . . 197
HOME AT LAST. 34
HOME OF THE SOUL, . . . 159
HOME TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN, . 133
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit, . . 307
How firm a foundation,. . . 208
HOW I LOVE JESUS, . . . 317
How oft' in holy converse with . 343
How, oh, how are you living, . 7
How sweet the name of Jesus . 327

I am coming to the cross, . . 292
I am dwelling on the mountain, . 226
I AM GLAD, ... 236
I am passing down the valley, . 139
I am praying, blessed Saviour, . 267
I am safe. 270
I am saved, the Lord hath sav'd . 171
I am saved thro' the blood. . . 70
I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus, . 23
I am weary of sin,. . . . 48
I came to the fountain that cleans- 212
I can, I will, I do believe, . . 316
I COME TO THEE, ... 66
I'entered once a home of care, . 152
I follow the footsteps of Jesus my 239

I have come to the fountain, . . 4
I have found a friend divine, . 233
I have found the Saviour precious 29
I have found repose for my weary 169
I have heard of a land, of a beau- 266
I have labored for thee, O sin, . 135
I have learned the wondrous se- . 104
I have sought round the verdant. 291
I have surrendered to the Lord, . 173
I hope to meet you all in glory, . 180
I know I love thee better, Lord, . 191
I know the joy of pardoned sin, . 39
I'LL BE THERE, ... 245
I'LL LIVE FOR HIM. . . . 331
I'll sing of the story, . . . 61
I love my Saviour, his heart is . 145
I'm happy, I'm happy, O wond- . 308
I'm happy, so happy, . . . 30
I'm helpless, Lord, to thee I fly, . 161
I'M NOT ALONE, ... 263
I'm saved, I'm saved, oh, blessed . 215
I'M WAITING FOR THEE. . . 51
In a world so full of weeping, . 218
In darkness I wandered till Jesus 92
In perfect peace I now can say, . 8
In some way or other, the Lord . 111
IN THE BOOK OF LIFE, . . . 64
In the Christian's home in glory, . 293
In the good, old way where . . 241
In the gospel's sweet, old story, . 234
In the hush of early morning, . 89
IN THE MORNING, ... 166
In the rifted rock I'm resting, . 27
In the secret of his presence, . 122
In thy book, where glory bright, . 64
Into the fountain of cleansing, . 57
In vain, in high and holy lays, . 240
I praise the Lord that one like me 97
I see the bright, effulgent rays . 16
IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH 226
I stand beside the crimson stream 214
Is there any one here that is will- 248
I think I should mourn o'er my . 130
IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.. . . 338
IT JUST SUITS ME, ... 121
I've found a joy in sorrow, . . 194
I've reached the land of corn and 178
I want to be a worker for the Lord 20
I was once far away from my Sav- 142
I was once far away from the Sav- 165
I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE IN GLO- 98
I will sing you a song of that . 159
I WILL SPRINKLE.. . . . 334
I will tell the world around me, . 236
I WILL TRUST IN MY SAVIOUR, . 82

Jesus, I come to thee, . . . 211
JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.. . 56
JESUS IS GOOD TO ME, . . . 145
JESUS IS PRECIOUS TO ME, . . 162
JESUS IS STRONG TO DELIVER, . 198
Jesus is the light, the way, . . 107
Jesus is waiting his grace to be- . 137
Jesus is waiting to save you,. . 201
Jesus, lover of my soul, . . 284
JESUS, MY JOY, ... 194
Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, . 340
JESUS OF NAZARETH DIED FOR . 161
JESUS SAVES, ... 275
Jesus saves me. 290
Jesus saves me and keeps me . 160
Jesus, Saviour, great Example, . 203
Jesus the Saviour is waiting and . 235
JESUS WAITS TO HELP YOU. . . 24
JESUS WILL FORGIVE, . . . 177
JESUS WILL SAVE YOU NOW, . . 227
JOY IN HEAVEN. 37
JUST AHEAD, ... 268
Just as I am, without one plea, . 341

KEEP ME EVER CLOSE TO THEE, . 75

Laban. S. M. 309
Leading souls to Jesus who are . 249
LEANING ON JESUS, . . . 168
LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING . 44
LET ME IN THE LIFE-BOAT, . . 260
LET THE BLESSED SAVIOUR IN, . 209
Like a bird on the deep, far away. 185
Listen to the blessed invitation, . 5
Lord, I believe a rest remains . 315
Lord, I care not for riches, Neith- 321
Lord, I come repenting, . . 243
Lord, in the strength of grace, . 312
LOST BUT FOUND. 32

MANSIONS ALL BRIGHT,. . . 65
MARCHING ON, ... 255
MARCHING ON TO VICTORY, . . 132
Meditation, 11*s*, 8*s*. . . . 344
MEET IN THE MORNING, . . 119
MEET ME THERE, ... 60
MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE, . 264
'Mid the toil and the battle I . 268
MOMENTS OF BLESSING, . . 125
More about Jesus, would I know, 109
MORE FAITH IN JESUS. . . . 342
MORE LIKE THEE, ... 203
More love to thee, O Christ, . 324
My body, soul and spirit, . . 207
My Father is rich in houses and . 326
MY FATHERLAND,. . . . 285
My home is in heaven, . . . 115
My Jesus, I love thee, . . . 148
My life, my love I give to thee, . 331
MY SPIRIT IS FREE, . . . 239

My soul, be on thy guard . . 310
My soul for light and love had . 228
My soul in sad exile was out on . 158

Nearer, my God, to thee! . . 305
No BURDENS ALLOWED TO PASS . 138
No NIGHT OVER THERE, . . 113
No night shall be in heaven, . 113
No SHADE LIKE THIS FOR ME, . 79
NOT SATISFIED HERE, . . . 39
Now the solemn shadows darken,. 262

O bless the Lord, what joy is . 269
O come, to Calvary turning,. . 56
O'er the hills and adown the. . 170
O father, come kiss me once. . 133
Of him who did salvation bring, . 297
O for a closer walk with God, . 325
O for a heart to praise my God, . 271
Oft' when tossed on ocean s foam, 270
O good, old way, how sweet thou. 129
O happy day, that fixed my choice 298
O happy day! what a Saviour is . 52
Oh, blessed fellow-sh p divine, . 252
Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss . 329
O how happy are they . . . 339
Oh, rally round the standard of . 199
Oh, the cruel Egypt bongage . 47
Oh, the joy that fills my heart! . 32
Oh, the Lord is rich in mercy, . 124
Oh, the night of time soon shall . 25
Oh, think of the home over there, 323
OH! 'TIS GLORY IN MY SOUL. . 300
OH, 'TIS WONDERFUL, . . . 234
Oh, to be like him, tender and . 221
Oh, to have the mind of Jesus, . 46
Oh, when shall I dwell,. . . 65
Oh, when shall I sweep thro' the . 277
Oh, why are you slighting the . 256
Oh, why should we wrestle with . 146
O Jesus, Lord, thy dying love, . 253
O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest, . 188
O land of rest, for thee I sigh, . 288
Old Hundred. L. M. . . . 346
O LORD, HAVE MERCY. . . . 313
O Lord, I will praise thee, . . 184
One by one we cross the river, . 94
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand 28
ONLY BELIEVE, ... 146
ONLY TRUST HIM. 336
On the cold barren hills, . . 161
On the happy, golden shore. . . 60
On the mount of wondrous glory,. 110
On the Saviour I've believed, . 85
ON THE WAY,. 269
OPEN THE DOOR, ... 235
Oppressed with noonday's search-. 79
O REST, SWEET REST, . . . 213
O sing of the power of love divine 108
O tell me no more, ... 306
O that my load of sin were gone! 333
O the joy. the bliss divine, . . 193
O they tell me of a home far be- . 96
O thou in whose presence my soul 344
O turn not back in the christian . 163
OUR CAUSE IS MARCHING ON, . 265
Out on the midnight deep, . . 280
OUTSIDE THE GATE, ... 259
OVERCOMERS, ... 128
O what must I do to be saved? . 283
O, why dost thou linger so long . 51

Poor, starving soul, there's room . 259
PRAISE AND MAGNIFY OUR KING, . 202
Praise God, from whom all bless-. 345
PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS LOVE.. 164
Prayer is the key, ... 157
Pray for the fallen! oh, think of . 246
Precious Saviour, thou hast saved. 290
PURITY, WHITER THAN SNOW. . 57

REDEEMED, PRAISE THE LORD. . 52
REJOICING EVERMORE, . . . 230
REST FOR THE WEARY, . . . 293
RESTING AT THE CROSS, . . . 229
RESTING BY AND BY. . . . 12
Revive, O Lord, our waiting souls 155
REVIVE THE HEARTS OF ALL, . 6
REVIVE US AGAIN.. . . . 294
Rich are the moments of blessing, 125
RING OUT THE HALLELUJAHS, . 144
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, . . 318

SAFE IN THE GLORY LAND, . . 241
Saved to the uttermost: I am the. 150
SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR, . 193
Saviour, I have heard thee plead- 254
Say, who hath sorrow, c ntentions 134
SEND ME, ... 10
Sessions. L. M. 345
Shall we all meet at home in . 74
SHIP OF ZION, ... 90
Should the summons quickly fly-. 274
SHOWERS OF BLESSING,. . . 205
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive, 261
Simply trusting every day; . . 45
SING HALLELUJAH, . . . 93
Sing on, ye joyful pilgrims, . . 76
Sing, O sing the love of Jesus, . 102
Sing the song the ransomed sing, . 144
Sinners, turn, why will ye die, . 276
SINNER TURN, ... 276
Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling 200
SONGS IN THE CALM, STILL NIGHT, 88
Source from whence the streams . 75
Sowing in the morning, sowing . 273

Speak to me, Jesus, I'm far from . 67
Standing on the promises of . . 258
STAY NOT, ... 201
Steersman, steersman, the chan. . 62
STEPPING IN THE LIGHT, . . 278
Stepping stones to Jesus, . . 73
SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL, . . 154
SURRENDERED, ... 173
Sweet day of the Lord, we hail . 71
Sweet is the name of my Lord, . 162
Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh 335
SWEETLY RESTING. . . . 27

TAKE HOLD, HOLD ON, . . . 163
TAKE ME AS I AM. 340
Take my life, and let it be. . . 69
Take the world, but give me Jesus 238
Tell it out among the nations, . 282
TELL IT TO JESUS.. . . . 50
Tell me the story of Jesus, . . 279
Thanks be to Jesus, his mercy is . 264
Thank God for a perfect salvation 213
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND. . . . 103
THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT, . . 107
The blood of the Saviour for. . 95
THE CITY OF LIGHT, . . . 120
THE CLEAR LIGHT OF HEAVEN, . 92
THE CRIMSON STREAM, . . . 214
THE CROSSINGS. 47
THE FIRM FOUNDATION, . . 208
THE FOUNTAIN FROM THE ROCK, . 4
THE GLORY LAND, ... 84
THE GOLDEN KEY,. . . . 157
The Great Physician now is here,. 337
THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD, 191
THE HAVEN OF REST, . . . 158
The home where changes never . 224
THE KINGDOM COMING, . . . 190
THE LAND JUST ACROSS THE RIV-. 28
THE LIGHTS OF HOME, . . . 62
THE LORD IS RICH IN MERCY, . 124
THE MIND OF JESUS. . . . 46
THE MORNING DRAWETH NIGH, . 199
THE MORNING LIGHT. . . . 25
THEN REJOICE, ALL YE RANSOMED 13
THE OPEN ARMS, ... 256
THE PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS, 108
There is a fountain filled with . 313
There is a happy land, . . . 289
There is a land of pure delight, . 245
There is a place where the angels . 285
There is healing at the fountain, . 123
There is joy among the angels, . 37
There is pardon sweet at the Mas- 141
There is perfect cleansing in the . 106
There is rest, sweet rest, at the . 192
There's a beautiful land far be- . 103
There's a beautiful land on high, . 58
THERE'S A BLESSING FOR ME, . 106
There's a city of light amid the . 120
There's a crown in heaven for the. 204
There's a fountain free, 'tis for you 55
There's a great day coming, . . 118
There's a land of love, . . . 84
There's a murmur in the valley, . 244
There's a shout in the camp, for . 225
There's a wail from the islands of 90
There's a wideness in God's mercy 332
There's nothing like the old, old . 219
There's rejoicing in the presence . 13
There's sunshine in my soul to- . 154
THE RUM SALOON SHALL GO, . . 247
The Saviour invites you poor wan- 22
The Saviour is my all in all,. . 54
THE SAVIOUR PRECIOUS. . . 29
THE SCARLET LINE, . . . 95
The seed I have scattered in . 281
The spirit and bride say "Come !. 250
The temperance cause is moving . 132
THE UNCLOUDED DAY, . . . 96
THE UNIVERSAL CALL, . . . 250
THE WAGES OF SIN, . . . 135
The whole wide world for Jesus, . 100
Thine forever, thine forever,. . 80
Tho my sins were once like crim-. 231
THO' THE SHADOWS GATHER, . 82
Tho' troubles assail and dangers . 230
Thou cheif among ten thousand, . 251
Thousands stand to-day in sorrow 126
Thro' the gates of pearl and jas- . 196
Tidings, happy tidings,. . . 272
'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, . 127
'Tis the Lord who leadeth me still 88
TO SAVE A POOR SINNER, . . 61
To the cross of Christ my Saviour 229
To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm . 300
TOUCH NOT, NOR TASTE, . . 134
TREASURES IN HEAVEN, . . 204
Trusting in Jesus, my Saviour di-. 181
TRUSTING IN THE NAME OF JESUS, 8
TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE, . . 169
TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL. . 45
TRUSTING ONLY THEE, . . . 23
Trying to walk in the steps of the. 278

UNTIL YE FIND, ... 206
UP AND ONWARD, ... 78
Up for Jesus! up and onward ! . 78

VALE OF BEULAH, . . . 139

WAIT AND MURMUR NOT, . . 224
WAITING AT THE POOL,. . . 126
WAITING FOR ME,. . . . 212
WALKING AND TALKING, . . 70
WASHED WHITE AS SNOW, . . 231

Watch and pray, that when the . 187
We are marching onward to the . 119
We are never, never weary of the 140
We are pilgirms looking home, . 166
Weary pilgrim on life's pathway, 149
Weary with walking alone, long . 168
We have heard a joyful sound, . 275
We have wandered far away, from 136
Welcome for me. 185
Welcome home. 277
We'll work till Jesus comes. . 288
We praise thee, O God! for the . 294
We shall walk the realms of glory 38
We shall walk with him in white, 156
We've joined the glorious sister-. 265
We've listed in a holy war, . . 63
We will work, we will work for . 36
What a fellowship, what a joy di- 44
What a friend we have in Jesus, . 320
What a gath'ring that will be. . 222
What a wonderful salvation! . 121
What a wonderful Saviour!. . 19
What must I do to be saved? . 283
Whatsoever, in my name ask, . 21
What will the first greeting be? . 266
What wilt thou have me to do? . 26
When darkning shadow 'round me 263
When I can read my title clear . 330
When I'm happy, hear me sing, . 175
When in the tempest he'll hide us 198
When Jesus laid his crown aside, 299
When Jesus shall gather the na- . 176
When Jesus washed my sins away 93
When our Saviour in his glory, . 117
When the jewels of earth shall . 72
When the mists have cleared a . 182
When the mists have rolled in . 182
Where deserts abundantly bloom, 138
While struggling thro' this vale of 342
While the years are rolling on. . 218
While we bow in thy name, . . 338
Whiter than snow.. . . . 319
Whosoever. 97
Who stands outside the closed . 209
Who, who is he? Who, who is he? 128
Why dont you come to Jesus? . 287
Will the waters be chilly. . . 261
Will you come? 81
Will you go to Jesus now, dear . 223
With a perfect salvation, through. 114
With our colors waving bright in. 255
Wonderful love of Jesus. . . 240
Wondrous glory. 110
Wont you love my Jesus? . . 233
Words of Jesus. 112
Work! for the night is coming; . 322
Work, vote, pray. 36
Would you find the way to heav-. 83

Ye who know your sins forgiven, . 334
You ask what makes me happy, . 98
You need not wait any longer . 86